The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1869. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2509.

SUNSHINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BEULAH.

Ah! that precious, joyous, June-time,
When the hills were all aglow
With the light of early morning—
And the meadows green below
Shook their breezy, billowy mantles,
Until all their dewy gems
Sparkled in the rosy sunlight
Like a queen's rich diadems.

Sweet the vision of that morning!
Even now before me rise
All the wondrous scene of beauty
That then greeted heart and eyes;
Years have passed, since that dear June-time,
Yet I seem to see as then;
And the thrill of blissful longing,
Wakens every pulse again.

Sunshine flooded hill and valley;
Sunshine kissed the roaring stream;
As I went to meet my Sunshine,
Half in earnest, half in dream.
For some strange, sweet intuition
Whispered, "You shall meet her where
Bloom the purest, whitest lilies,
And the wild rose scents the air."

Forth I wandered—but the shadow
Of a skeleton of care,
Closely hidden from the worldling,
Shadowed e'en that morn so fair;
And I cried in bitter anguish,
Father, give, oh, give me peace!
Let me drink of Lethe's waters!
Give my restless spirit ease.

Scarcely had the shadow settled
Over heart, and pulse, and brain,
Darkening all the lovely landscape
With its dull throb, throb of pain,
When a vision of such brightness,
To my wondering eyes was given—
That I closed my eyes half thinking
I should open them in Heaven.

Surely such a lovely being
For this earth was all too bright,
With her tresses like the sunlight,
And her eyes of liquid light;
With her cheeks just rosy tinted,
Like the clouds at blush of morn,
And a smile whose sunny radiance
E'en an angel might have worn.

And I named the lovely maiden,
Half unconsciously, Sunshine;
And before the breath of winter,
I had won her to be mine.
And the skeleton has vanished,
For the glory of her smile
Keeps my heart light and my home bright,
With its radiance all the while.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

ENTERING ON A NEW HOME.

Summer weather had come in, and the heat and the dust of a windy day in early June filled the London streets. The pavements were scorched below, the gusts reigned above; it was a relief to Thomas Kage when he turned into the shelter of one of the railway-stations, to meet a train that came from the direction of Wales.

Five minutes, and it steamed in. It had left Aberton in the morning, and the journey had been uneventful. Mr. Kage regarded each first-class carriage attentively as it slowly passed, and saw a young lady in deep mourning looking from the window of one. A cordial smile of greeting lighted up his eyes as he raised his hat to her in recognition.

Death had been finding its way to Chilling. The good old Rector, Philip Annesley, had not been mistaken in saying that his apparently-renewed lease of life was a deceptive one, like unto a candle that shoots up a bright spark before going out. Almost close upon the festivities of that Easter Monday, he had failed again, and Death came in to claim its own.

The value of the living was but moderate—barely three hundred a-year—and Mr. Annesley for some ten years past had to keep a curate, and pay him out of it, besides other expenses. Until recently a sick sister had been partly dependent on him; he was in the habit of transmitting her ten pounds every quarter. The renovations to the parsonage-house—which he had to make—had cost a great deal; he was very charitable; and altogether his income had run away. Nevertheless, plenty of people were found to say he ought to have saved more, when it was heard how very slender a provision was left for his daughter.

Not a provision at all, as the world would count it. When all resources were gathered together, including the sum paid for the furniture by the new Rector, it was found that she would have about thirty pounds a-year. Not a fraction more; if anything, rather less. She had been invited to take up her abode temporarily with some relatives in London, until—to use the expression of the lady inviting her—she could turn herself round; which, of course, meant, secure some suitable employment.

The new Rector appointed to the living of Chilling was the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort. It had been expected that he would be; and, for a wonder, everybody was satisfied. Mr. Rufort did not wish to hurry Miss Annesley from her home: had she chosen to remain in it for a twelvemonth she had been welcome; but when once things were settled, she thought it well to leave. Mr. Annesley had been dead about six weeks then. Accepting the invitation offered to her, she fixed the day of her journey to London, and Thomas Kage had been solicited to receive her at the station.

"How kind it is of you to come and meet me!" she exclaimed in a glad accent. "How very kind!"

Expecting to meet none but strangers, half afraid of encountering the bustle of the great Babel, the sight of a face she knew struck upon her with joyous surprise, with more importance in fact than the slight circumstance deserved. To the low-spirited girl, full of doubts and shrinking, it really had the appearance of a fortunate omen.

"Mrs. Annesley requested me to come; she is not well herself, and her daughter is scarcely old enough to be trusted at the station. Perhaps I might say not steady enough," he added with a good-natured smile, as they walked together along the platform, and took up their standing to see the luggage thrown out of the van.

Sarah smiled too. "I have heard Mrs. Dunn call her flighty."

"Precisely so. She is but a young girl, full of life and merriment. Mrs. Annesley, with her ill-health, is too grave a companion for her."

"Mrs. Annesley has very ill-health, has she not?"

"She seems to be always ailing. She has nervous headaches, for one thing. Just now she is recovering from a severe attack of bronchitis."

"Are you very intimate with them?"

"Not very. I happened to call last evening. Mrs. Annesley had been regretting that she had no one but a servant to send here to meet you, and I said perhaps I should do to come."

"I would rather have seen your face than anyone's," spoke Sarah, with simple truth. "You do not know how much I dread strangers."

"Is Mrs. Annesley quite a stranger to you?"

"Very nearly so. Ten years ago my dear father and I were in London for five days, and stayed at their house—Mr. Annesley was alive then—and the following summer they came to us for a month at Chilling, with the little girl—a fair, sweet child of about seven. That is all the acquaintance I have had with them; we have not even corresponded, save on any extraordinary occasion; and I think it is very kind of Mrs. Annesley to invite me now."

"She could do no less," said Thomas Kage. "Your father and her husband were brothers."

"Only half-brothers. Mr. James Annesley was twenty years younger than papa, and they were not very cordial with each other. My dear father thought he had been much wronged in regard to the family property, which was left entirely to Mr. James Annesley; but it does not matter to recall that now. My good father put away the grievance from his heart long and long ago."

"Had Mrs. Annesley not invited you to stay with her, Mrs. Garston would," he remarked. "I think she resents having been forestalled in it."

"There's my luggage!" exclaimed Sarah. "Box the first coming out now."

"How many boxes have you?"

"Two, and a small one. Mr. Rufort kindly said I might leave as much lumber as I liked at home until I saw what my plans would be. Is it not strange, Mr. Kage, that I and Lydia Dunn should cross each other?"

"Cross each other!" he repeated, at a loss to understand what she meant.

"Don't you know?—Mrs. Dunn is going down to the Rock to-day on a long visit. I am so sorry. Had she been in London, the great town might have seemed less strange to me. She is a widow now, you are aware?"

"Yes; these four or five months past."

Not until they were seated in the cab did Thomas Kage speak of the loss she had sustained, and of his deep sympathy with it; and then only by a word or two. Those who feel the deepest say the least. She understood him, and the tears came into her eyes: not very long ago *he* had gone through the same sorrow and suffering.

Mrs. Annesley, the widow, lived in Paradise-terrace. Fine substantial houses, but not to be compared to the mansions in the grand square adjoining—Paradise-square. Thomas Kage accompanied her into the house, and introduced her to its mistress, who left the fire-side and an easy-chair to receive her.

She was four-and-fifty years of age, and she looked four-and-sixty. A cold, silent woman, with gray hair, straight black eyebrows, and a severe expression of face. Her heart was warmer than her manner, but neither would have set the Thames on fire; and she was well-meaning, wishing to do her duty by all. She was apt to tell people, if they inquired, that she never enjoyed a day's health: what with her ailments of one kind and another, and the giving way to them, she perhaps never did. Recently she had been really ill, and would not feel recovered for a long time.

ASCENT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

One of the first things which a traveller in Egypt does on his arrival in Grand Cairo, is to prepare for his visit to the "*Pyramids of Sakhara.*" These stand within a few miles of the city, and require but little exertion to visit them. The party starts usually about nine o'clock in the morning, so as to avoid, if possible, the scorching heat of the sun, which, in this latitude, even in mid-winter, is quite oppressive towards noon. The distance is performed on donkeys, which are swifter of foot and more convenient to ride in this part of the world than in any other. Ladies go up to the top of the Pyramids with ease, and with but little danger. The view from the summit is quite charming, embracing the view up and down the Nile for a considerable distance, and the beautiful city of Cairo. After the ascent the traveller usually makes a voyage of discovery inside, in order to see the chamber where the sarcophagus of King Cheops had rested for so many centuries, and then he returns to the city, greatly pleased with his visit.

Mrs. Annesley welcomed Sarah, her niece one degree removed (if it may be called so), with as much cordiality as a woman of her cold and reserved nature could. She kissed her cheek, and said she was welcome. Sarah caught at the arm of Thomas Kage: for a momentary faintness, quite unusual, stole over her. To one who has had a happy and beloved home of her own, the entering that of a stranger is a bitter heart-sickness.

Years and years ago—more than you, my reader, would care to say you can look back to—Philip Annesley, a young man keeping his first term at the Cambridge University, heard with intense surprise and some natural shock that his father had married again. He had deemed that he and his sister were all-in-all to their father; but, as it seemed, he was mistaken. The new wife gained full ascendency; later she had one son born; and when death, some twenty years afterwards, took the old man, her husband, it was discovered that he had bequeathed the whole of his property to her, unconditionally. In her turn she bequeathed it to her own son James; ignoring Philip, then the incumbent of Chilling; ignoring the daughter, Mary, who had lived at home with her.

Had James Annesley been a just and right-feeling man, he would at once have divided the property into three shares, giving one each to his half-brother and sister. He did nothing of the kind; he kept the whole; and Philip in his heart resented it. Mary found a home with her brother Philip at Chilling, who was still a single man, and remained so for some years after that. When he did marry, Mary left him; James wanted her then, for he had married, and been left a widower with one little boy. Later by ever so many years, James married again, the present Mrs. Annesley, now standing up to receive Sarah and Mr. Kage, and she had one daughter.

I hope the account has been clear. With so many people and interests and marriages to speak of, ideas are apt to get a little complicated. James Annesley, when he died, did not do as his father had done—leave all he had to his wife unconditionally. The interest was to be hers for her life—a handsome income; at her death it would go to the two children, but not equally: his son by his first wife would take the larger share, the young girl the smaller. Perhaps Mrs. Annesley felt aggrieved at this, but she had no power to remedy it. Old Mrs. Garston, rapping her stick with ardor, told her to her face it was the only just thing James Annesley ever did. The son, Walter Annesley, had been sent to the West Indies as clerk in a merchant's house there; he was getting on well, was married, and had a prospect, it was understood, of a junior partnership.

Sarah Annesley, resolutely rallying from the passing sensation of faintness—for there lived not a young woman in the world less willing to give way than she—turned from Mr. Kage to meet the young girl who had come up and waited. A bright fairy of seventeen, with a profusion of fair hair that she chose to wear in a shower of drooping curls, laughing blue eyes, and saucy features. She had no regular beauty whatever, only the great charm that youth and a kind of randomly-wild carelessness sometimes impart. The hair was beautiful; the laughing light-blue eyes were beautiful; and there the boasting ended. The nose was small, and turned up to the skies; the very pointed chin was one of the most impertinent ever seen. She was very little, not of the smallest account to look at, impudent to everybody about her except her mother, and saucy to the rest of the world. But these saucy, piquant women often sway man with an iron hand, and render him helpless.

Sarah kissed her involuntarily, and then held her at arm's length, regarding her with quite a fond expression. The child (she quite looked like one) wore a pretty black silk, with a white-lace edging on her neck, and black ribbons falling amidst her fair hair.

"Can this be little Belle? But perhaps I ought not to call her Belle now?"

"Belle always," spoke Mrs. Annesley. "Annabel only when I am seriously angry with her."

"Is that often?" put in Mr. Kage.

Miss Belle, in answer to his question and smile, gave him a sharp flirting rap with her jet chain. But an imperceptible sigh broke from Mrs. Annesley; it seemed to imply that she found her daughter more troublesome than perhaps Mr. Kage might have given credit for. It appeared nearly impossible to believe that that careless, laughing, blue-eyed girl could be the daughter of the staid, stony, dark-browed woman: the one so redolent of light-hearted gayety, the other seeming never to have known it. Between thirty and forty when she married, Mrs. Annesley had been already set down as an "old maid" by the generous world; she had certainly been stiff and cold as any old maid can be; and though the reproach was lifted from her, she remained stiff to the end. But the fault—it has just been said so—lay in manner more than in heart.

"Will you show your cousin to her room, Belle?" spoke Mrs. Annesley. "Harriet will be there waiting, no doubt."

The first thing Miss Belle did when she got outside the door was to plant herself at the foot of the stairs, impeding further progress, and stare into her cousin's face.

"I remember you quite well; I remember lot's of things when I was younger than that; but you are looking ever so much older."

"Of course I am," said Sarah. "It is ten years ago."

"Good gracious! You must be getting an old woman."

"Getting on that way. I shall be thirty in three years."

"How dreadful! When I get thirty it will be all over, for I'd as soon be sixty at once. What I want to say is this—you are not going to watch me?"

"To watch you?" repeated Sarah, in a questioning tone.

"Yes, to watch me; to be a spy upon me. Because, if you are, I'll not stand it."

"My dear child, I really do not know what you mean."

"Yesterday, when mamma was talking about my wildness, she said how glad she was you were coming, for she should ask you to look after me, and report to her all you saw amiss. Oh, you can't imagine what it is at home; she's like an old lady-abbess looking after a flock of nuns. If my bedroom is in a mess, she groans; if I buy a sash without first asking her, she sighs, and says I'm on the high-road to ruin. Perhaps I should be if I had an old duenna at my heels always to report ill of me; I'm sure I'd spend a crown then where I now spend half one. The other day she nearly fainted because she came into the study and found all my oil-paint spilt on the carpet. You won't tell tales of me, will you?"

"No; certainly not."

"That is a promise?" said Miss Belle, with a stamp of her pretty foot.

"It is; and I will keep it faithfully. There's the seal of it, Belle."

Sarah bent forward and kissed the bright, young face upturned to hers. Belle was a very siren; and she had some of a siren's attributes, besides fascination.

Having seen Miss Annesley safely housed, Thomas Kage took his departure for Mrs. Garston's. He was making the afternoon into a kind of holiday, and did not go back to his chambers: but it was getting late now. Mrs. Garston had charged him to come and inform her all about Miss Annesley's arrival; and Thomas Kage, who had been in the habit of obeying her for many years almost as he did his mother, insensibly did it more than ever now that that mother was gone.

A stylish open vehicle on two wheels, with a stylish tiger taking care of the horse, stood before the gate as he reached it. Mr. Kage wondered whose they were, when the appearance of Captain Dawkes, jauntily treading the gravel-path, solved the problem. The gallant Captain had been making a call on the lady, whom he rather facetiously styled the "ancient party" to his military friends. Not staying to shake hands with Mr. Kage, he ascended to his seat with a patronizing nod, touched the horse, and dashed away, his purple whiskers more silken than ever, his teeth whiter, his cheeks and himself altogether blooming.

As Mr. Kage passed in at the garden-gate, Mrs. Garston met him in the pathway. On sunny days she was fond of being out of doors, and walked about the sheltered garden almost as firmly as she did twenty years before, never accepting help except from her stick, planted vigorously on the ground with every step she took. Therefore Thomas Kage did not offer his arm, but simply turned with her and kept by her side. He was in deep mourning still; the old lady wore an enormous sun-bonnet of gray silk, and a white lama shawl.

"Did you see that turn-out?" were the first words she addressed to him, in allusion to the equipage just gone away; and, by the tone, Thomas knew that it; or something else, had displeased her.

"Yes," he said. "The horse is a high-mettled one; Captain Dawkes must take care of him in the more crowded streets."

Captain Dawkes was in feather again. Mrs. Garston had prevailed upon herself to pay his debts and set him free. It was some three or four months ago now. At temporary ease in the world, he lived like a man of fortune, and paid visits to Mrs. Garston as often as he could force himself to the infliction.

"He has begun again."

The remark was given abruptly, and Thomas Kage, whose thoughts had gone roving to other matters, really did not catch its thread.

"Begun what, ma'am?"

"Begun what? Why, to make more debts," irascibly returned Mrs. Garston. "I'm speaking of Barby Dawkes. He has as much cause to set up that fine tandem as I have to set up a dandy-horse. Where's the use of your laughing, Thomas Kage?"

He was biting his lip, not to hide the smile—for he could but be open in all he did—but to prevent its going on to a laugh. Mrs. Garston would look curious on a dandy-horse.

"It is not a tandem, ma'am."

"It *is* a tandem! Why do you contradict? It's a tandem that he has set up; he told me so to my face. There may be one horse in the shafts to-day, but he puts another on at times, and always in the country. I told him he'd look more consistent

in a wheelbarrow drawn by two gray jackasses."

"If Captain Dawkes is tolerably cautious in other matters, he can afford to keep two horses," spoke Mr. Kage, who would willingly have smoothed away displeasure from his worst enemy.

"If! Did you ever hear of Barby Dawkes being cautious? I set him free with the world last March. This is June; and I'd lay you the worth of these two houses, yours and mine, that he has already made a string of debts a yard long: now, then, Thomas Kage?"

Thomas Kage strolled on the lawn by the old lady's side in silence. He thought it quite probable that the already-contracted debts might be two yards long, instead of one; but he would not say so.

"I told Barby what it would be. I told Keziah that my setting him free, if I did do it, would only be the signal for him to begin again, and run up fresh liabilities; and he is doing it. Don't tell me!"

"I suppose he says he is not?"

"He'd not say he is to me, be you sure of that; but I have warned him, and take you notice of it, Thomas Kage. When he stood up before me smiling, not five minutes ago, I warned him as plainly as words can do it. 'Run 'em up,' I said to him, 'run up a cartload of 'em, if you choose, Barby Dawkes, but you may find it much harder to get me to discharge 'em than you have done.' Whatever comes of it, he can't say I didn't warn him. There? I shall sit down."

She took her seat on a green bench under a fine old spreading tree. Mr. Kage placed himself by her, and began speaking of the arrival of Miss Annesley from Chilling. It was rather a sore subject with Mrs. Garston: first, because Sarah Annesley had been left without provision; and secondly, that she had been forestalled by Mrs. Annesley in the invitation to stay in London.

"Thirty pounds a-year, perhaps under it!" commented the old lady, striking her stick sharply on the soft grass. 'Philip Annesley had three hundred a-year, and a house to live in, and might have done better for her. We were playfellows together when we were children, he and I; but I was the elder by some five years. I remember once a mad cow ran after us, and we leaped a dwarf wall, and scrambled through a thick blackberry-hedge. You'd not think it now."

"You could not do it now," was his answer.

"I thought Phillip would have had more sense: his brains were sharp as a boy. Nobody should live up to their income if they've children to provide for; mark you that, Thomas Kage. But I hope it will be a long while before you put yourself in the way of having any."

A very conscious flush crossed his cheek. Within the last day or two a possible view of advancement had been laid before him; and, if he accepted it—and Caroline Kage—

"I wonder she could stomach that invitation of Mrs. Annesley's!" came the interruption to his thoughts in the quaint language of the old lady, which belonged to a bygone day. "I do; and I don't think her father would have liked her to, neither. If ever man was ill-used among 'em, he was. Philip Annesley was brought up to think he'd succeed to the half of his father's property, and his sister to the other half. Old Annesley marries again, drivels on for twenty years in his tight keeping under his new wife's thumb, and then dies and leaves every shilling to *her* son James. It's all very well to say Philip forgave 'em, as a good clergyman and Christian should; but I'll be whipped if he must not have been an uncommon good one to do it."

"I think he was that, Mrs. Garston."

"I don't say the present Mrs. Annesley, James's widow, had any hand in the injustice; she didn't know 'em at the time; but she became James's wife afterwards, and that would have been enough to make some people resent it on her as belonging to them. She enjoys the money too—seven hundred a year, Thomas."

"Is it so much as that?"

"It is that in hard income, my dear; and there was furniture, and plate, and accumulated money besides. James did not make quite so unjust a will as his wretched old father: he left his wife a life-interest only; at her death the son in the West Indies gets four hundred a year of it; the girl three; the furniture and things to go as Mrs. Annesley chooses. And we need not speculate upon who'll get that, considering the girl is her daughter, the young man only her stepson. But James never remembered the suppressed claims of the Philip Annesleys; and I say I'd not have accepted an invitation from any of the lot, had I been Philip's daughter. What does she say about those Kages?"

The transition of subject was abrupt. Thomas, who had been sitting in a reverie, his eyes bent on the grass, hearing and not hearing, looked up.

"What Kages, ma'am?"

Mrs. Garston lifted her stick as if she had a mind to strike him, bringing it down on the grass with a thump.

"If you get into the habit of useless cavilling, Thomas Kage, you'll hear a bit of my mind. I mean those Kages down at Chilling—the woman with the affectation and the smelling-bottles. Her soft voice is as false as Barby Dawkes's smile when he tells me he is living within his income. *I* knew her as Caroline Gunse, and what she was; and her daughter takes after her. Did I ever know any other Kages, pray, but them, except yourself and your dear mother? Do *you* know any?"

"No."

"Very well, then, why need you ask me what Kages? What does Sarah Annesley say about them?"

"She said nothing to me, except that they are all well. Miss Annesley will come and see you herself to-morrow. She is vexed at one thing—that Mrs. Dunn should have gone down home just at this time, and regrets her absence very much."

"A fine thing *she* is to regret!" scornfully spoke Mrs. Garston.

"I fancy Miss Annesley was particularly intimate with her when she was Lydia Canterbury; more so than with the other sisters."

"Then why could not Lydia Dunn have put off her visit home for a week, and stayed here to receive her?" sensibly spoke Mrs. Garston. "Perhaps she cares for Lydia Dunn more than Lydia Dunn cares for her. *My* opinion is, if you wish to know it, that Mrs. Lydia Dunn never cared for anybody but her own blessed self. Now, then! and you may tell Philip Annesley's daughter that I say it. Where are you going, Thomas?"

"Home."

"You are not; you are going to dine with me. Don't you know that you are worth fifty thousand of such men as Barnaby Dawkes?"

He smiled, and took out his watch. It wanted half-an-hour to her usual dinner-hour. Mrs. Garston's invitations were commands, and might not be rejected when it was possible to accede to them.

"Thank you," he said; "I will come back by six; but I expect a letter will be waiting for me at home, and I may have to write an answer to it."

It was there. When he got home, the letter was staring him in the face. He opened it, not eagerly, but slowly and thoughtfully, as if it were big with some momentous fate that he felt half-afraid to read of.

A proposition had been made to Thomas Kage to go out to India. An influential friend, the Earl of Elster, had obtained the promise of an appointment for him there, and Mr. Kage was expecting the bona-fide offer of it daily. He thought perhaps this letter contained it; but he found he was mistaken, that he would have to wait yet for some days. Holding the letter open still when read, for it must be replied to, he sat in doubt and deep reflection.

Not in doubt as to whether the offer would come—of that he was as sure as he could be; but in doubt whether or not to accept it when it came. He had not made up his mind. In good truth, he was advancing so slowly in his profession—the case frequently with young barristers—that he had grown disheartened. He got enough to keep him and his moderate household in necessaries; and Lady Kage, as may be remembered, had provided for the year's rent; but of prospects he seemed to have none. The salary of the appointment in India would commence at seven hundred a-year, and go on increasing.

Had there been no one in the question but himself, he would not have hesitated one moment over the decision—to reject it. To go to India, or to any other country, for an indefinite number of years, would seem to him no better than banishment. Some men like to go a-roving; he did not. He loved his own country; he loved his profession, and looked forward to rise in it in time. In time—there was the difficulty.

For there existed something that he loved better than all—Caroline Kage. If he remained at home, there appeared little chance of his ever telling that love. He could not expect her to wait years and years, until fortune came to him; or, if she would, her mother would certainly not allow her. But if he closed with this offer to go to the East when it should be made, he thought he might without breach of honor ask her to go with him.

That she loved him with her whole being he knew. Had he doubted before, her conduct at Easter, when he was at Chilling, was sufficient to show it to him. His heart was at rest; a soft glow stole across his thin cheeks, a tender light into his eyes in thinking of her. Even now, as he sat there, his every pulse was beating with happiness. It is true, she had not written to him once since Easter; but he knew the fault lay with Mrs. Kage. Oh, if she, if they should deem this Indian project worth entering upon! And he might take her out with him, his wife! He fully believed it might be so.

And Thomas Kage began to pen an answer to the letter in his hand, the whole world, to his entranced sight, seeming to be flooded with an atmosphere of brightness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Literary Compensation.

"I may state, singular as it may appear in these days, Mr. Halleck never received any compensation for the poems he contributed to the Evening Post, National Advocate, and other journals and magazines, extending over a period of nearly twenty years—years during which his most admired productions were published. Halleck appears to have written with the most unselfish indifference to fame or pecuniary reward, for, up to the year 1839, neither on the title pages of his published volumes, nor with his single contributions to the press, did his name appear. For 'The Croakers' neither he nor Dr. Drake ever received the slightest pecuniary reward, nor did they desire any. They were at the time both young men, the one in affluent circumstances by marriage with the daughter of an opulent merchant; the other in the receipt of a good salary, and with but few and modest wants. Those were not the days, at least in New York, when authorship was a profitable profession, as is the case at present with many of its members—days when a popular preacher is paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a novel—a larger sum than the poet received for the literary labors of a lifetime.

"Truly the world is somewhat changed since John Milton sold the lines of 'Paradise Lost' at something less than a farthing apiece, taking his substantial pay in a draft on posterity, payable after death, with interest; since Samuel Johnson ate his dinners behind the screen in Cave's parlor, back of the shop, because he was too much out at the elbows to be presentable at a tradesman's table; since Oliver Goldsmith was penning an animated romance on 'Animated Nature,' at just shillings enough per sheet to keep the bailiffs from his door; and since the tragic termination of poor Chatterton's too brief career. Certainly the leading authors of to-day—or, as they may be termed, the real autocrats of literature—have no longer occasion to forgive Napoleon his misdeeds, as Tom Campbell did, on the ground that he shot a bookseller. They are now masters of the situation and lords in the ascendant; and no longer, as of old, retainers of the bookseller, but the bookseller must wait, hat in hand, on the bookmaker. Authors, even of the second class, may now most truly say, '*Nous avons changé tout cela.*'"—*Life of Halleck.*

☞ A San Francisco despatch states that singular white and red lights have appeared in the sky for several nights recently, and a magnificent meteor fell while they were brightest. Passengers on the steamship China say the lights were very brilliant at sea.

☞ The poor children of this city are largely interested in the peach kernel trade. They extract the kernels from the "stone," put them upon strings, or threads, in bunches numbering from one to five hundred, and sell them to the druggists. The price is one cent a hundred, and an industrious gleaner might, possibly, collect, crack, and string five hundred in a day; so that those urchins in the trade are not likely to be called on to pay income tax. The kernels are used, principally, for making alcoholic "bitters," and are chiefly valuable for the hydrocianic acid to be procured from them.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG'T 28, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS (*now being prepared*) and SHORT STORIES, by a number of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of, either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for August. Published by J. L. Peters, 198 Broadway, New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part. No. 4. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

SCARCITY OF WATER IN PHILADELPHIA.—The water in the basin at Fairmount is slowly decreasing, and at the dam the level has receded six inches below the breast-work. The greatest economy in the use of the Schuylkill water is therefore absolutely necessary. The trouble is that although there is a large supply yet of water, the water is raised by water power, which wastes about twenty gallons of water to every one put up in the reservoir.

☞ The drought is so severe in the vicinity of Richmond, Va., that the forest trees are dying. For seventy-eight days enough rain has not fallen thoroughly to wet the ground.

☞ The colored waiters of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, recently mutinied because a white cook was employed. An assault was made upon the cook, which resulted in the discomfiture of the waiters.

LORD AND LADY BYRON.

The last great sensation in the literary world, is the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, of an article by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, giving Lady Byron's version of the reasons which led to her separation from Lord Byron. Mrs. Stowe says:—

"The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit. On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private, confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country seat near London. The writer went and spent a day with Lady Byron alone, and the object of the invitation was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and retrospections which every thoughtful person finds necessary, when coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life. At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's work in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes was one great means relied on for giving it currency (?) Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth; whether she did right to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods. Lady Byron's whole life had been passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and she had now to consider whether one more act of self-denial (?) was not required of her before leaving this world—namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings. For this reason it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the sphere of personal and local feelings which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty. The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron stated the facts which have been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing brief memoranda of the whole, with the dates affixed.

LADY BYRON'S ESTIMATE OF HER HUSBAND'S CHARACTER.

"We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world which seemed to encompass Lady Byron during the last part of her life, and which had made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion, were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand *exactly how the thing seemed to lie before* her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that if he could speak or act in the case, he would desire to prevent the further circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions. Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong philosophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife was, after all, the true one—namely, that Lord Byron had been one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung that it is always in danger of dipping towards insanity, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions. She went over with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes which gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young men of the time as she with her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unhinging his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvanistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in this case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposes embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"'The worst of it is, I *do believe*,' he would often say with violence, when he had been employing all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

"Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son whom she cannot cease to love. With indescribable resignation she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity. But all this she looked upon as forever past; believing that, with the dropping of the earthy life, these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems became the triumphant one. While speaking on this subject, her pale, ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she had loved and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labor and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost. Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women, it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognized godlike capabilities under all the dust and defilement of misuse and passion; and she never doubted that the love, which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

WHY THE STORY IS GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

"The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital that she begged for two or three days to deliberate, before forming any opinion. She took the memoranda with her, returned to London, and gave a day or two to the consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was chiefly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling that it would almost be like violating a shrine, to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet, as it would involve so much that was painful to her, the writer considered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some person, to be so published! Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends. After Lady Byron's death the writer looked anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England had produced in the century. No such memoir has appeared on the part of her friends; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an undiscriminating community. There may be family reasons in England which prevent Lady Byron's friends from speaking; but Lady Byron has an American name and an American existence, and reverence for pure womanhood is, we think, a national characteristic of the American, and, so far as this country is concerned, we feel that the public should have this refutation of the slanders of the Countess Guiccioli's book."

The following is the serious charge made to Mrs. Stowe by Lady Byron:—

A DARK SECRET REVEALED.

From the height at which he might have been happy as the husband of a noble woman he fell into the depths of a secret adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. From henceforth this damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Milbanke his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him. Marriage has often been represented as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right minds, to an honorable career in society. Marriage was therefore universally recommended to Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers; and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Milbanke. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression, and will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him fell at once into the snare.

TREACHERY AT THE ALTAR.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his Dream, profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; yet it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guilty and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour. The moment the carriage doors were shut upon the bridegroom and the bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair—broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! You had all in your power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a *devil!*"

In Miss Martineau's sketches, recently published, is an account of the termination of this wedding journey, which brought them to one of Lady Byron's ancestral country seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon. Miss Martineau says: At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler, who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted and came up the steps alone, with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young, lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterwards called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned. Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him.

THE DREADFUL SECRET DISCOVERED.

But there came an hour of revelation—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and under

stood that she was expected to be the cloak and accomplice of this infamy. Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood had died out of her heart there arose within her, stronger purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner—the love of which Jesus spoke and which holds the one wanderer of more account than the ninety and nine that went not astray. She would neither leave her husband nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin; and hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence. Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He repudiated Christianity as authority, asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reason by which he justified himself in incest. In the drama of "Cain," Adah, the sister, and the wife of Cain thus addresses him:

"Cain! walk not with this spirit.
Bear with what we have borne, and love me—I
Love thee.
Lucifer. More than thy mother and thy sire?
Adah. I do. Is that a sin too?
Lucifer. No, not yet:
It one day will be in your children.
Adah. What!
Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?
Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.
Adah. O, my God!
Shall they not love and bring forth things that love
Out of their love? have they not drawn their milk
Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
Born of the same, sole womb, in the same hour
With me? did we not love each other? and
In multiplying our being multiply
Things which will love each other as we love
Them?—And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
Forth with this spirit; he is not of ours.
Lucifer. The sin *I* speak of is not of my making,
And cannot be a sin in you,—whate'er
It seems in those who will replace ye in
Mortality.
Adah. What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself? can circumstance make sin
Of virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves
Of—"

THE EFFECT UPON THE WIFE.

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul, not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong, reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal aquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but, among all with whom this experience brought her in connection, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul. She followed him through all his sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse, and shake, and agonize, but not power enough to subdue.

BYRON'S SISTER.

The person whose relations with Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life felt Lady Byron's loving and ennobling influences, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of everyone else failed; and though her task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the object of her cares, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, until death took the responsibility from her hands. (Mrs. Stowe does not say directly whose child this was.)

THE DEATH OF THE POET.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken. To a friend who said to her, "Oh! how could you love him!" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him." It is in us all. It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that Byron wrote—read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could possess. The ribaldry and the obscenity, and the insults with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded. When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the beginning of an answer to her prayers. Even although one of his latest acts concerning her was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes from the one step taken in the right direction. In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his deathbed it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him, "Go to my sister—tell her—go to Lady Byron—you will see her, and say—" Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct muttering, in which the names of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. He then said, "Now I have told you all."

"My lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your lordship has been saying."

"Not understand me?" exclaimed Lord Byron, with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity! then it is too late—all is over!" He afterwards, says Moore, tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "*my* sister—my child."

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been; but in vain—the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented. For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth forever dispated, the stains of sin forever removed—"the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal." Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature, she gained such views of the Divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love."

We have thus given in Mrs. Stowe's words, the essential part of this singular story. There remain two things to consider, its probable truth, and the wisdom of giving it to the world.

As to its truth, it belongs to that class of charges which are easy to make, and hard to disprove by positive evidence. So far, it rests merely on Lady Byron's assertion—unsupported by anything worthy the name of evidence. The *Philadelphia Press* says:—

"Augusta Byron, the poet's only sister, was born in 1783, married to Colonel George Leigh in 1807, and was thirty-one years old in 1814, when, Lady Byron declares, she had an incestuous connection with her brother, who was then aged twenty-six. The attachment of Lord Byron and his half-sister was tender and lasting. Until now, no breath of suspicion, of slander, ever floated across Mrs. Leigh's character. She moved, all her life, in the choicest circles in London; and not until after her death did Lady Byron, 'the moral Clytemnestra of her lord,' venture to utter against her this positive accusation of a terrible crime. Believe it who may, and some will;

'For Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame,'

we utterly discredit and repudiate it. England, proud of her poet, whose writings

'Equal all but Shakspeare's fame below,'

will not believe this new and terrible slander. It is awful, a thing to shudder at, that when Byron and his sister, in their graves, cannot reply, *his* widow, herself in the Shadow of the Valley of Death, should thus have prepared to pour the vials of a dreadful accusation against both—who cannot defend themselves. We believe it to be false as it is scandalous."

Augusta was, we believe, the poet's *half-sister*.

As to the wisdom of giving this horrible story to the world, we confess we cannot see any justification of it. There are some charges, which ought either to be made at once, or never. In this case, when both the accused parties are dead, it seems to us that the bringing of such a charge is entirely indefensible. As *The Press* says:—

"We have Lady Byron at the advanced age of sixty-four (she was born in 1792, and died in 1860) positively imputing one of the deadliest of crimes to the husband whom she had deserted forty years back, and saying, that having discovered the sin, she had 'two years of convulsive struggle,' as a wife, before she abandoned him. Two years? Lady Byron lived with her husband from January 2, 1815, and quitted him for ever one January, 15, 1816, a period, not of *two* years, but of *one* year and thirteen days. A week before she left him, she privately consulted Dr. Baillie, the great London physician, to ascertain whether he was in 'a state of mental derangement.' On the road, she wrote the familiar, wife-like letter beginning 'Dear Duck.' At that time, it seems, the question was not whether Byron was *bad* but whether he was mad."

As to the idea of preventing the sale of Lord Byron's poems by the publication of this story, every sensible person knows that nothing could have been done better one calculated to promote their sale—especially of Don Juan, from which Mrs. Stowe quotes freely. But Byron's poetry is judged by sensible people entirely apart from his character. Much of it is not only magnificent, but in no way objectionable. And that which is objectionable should not be read by persons whom it may injure, even if Byron had lived a perfectly virtuous life.

But the whole statement is deplorably inconsistent. Here we have Lady Byron, at the age of 64—a perfect saint (according to Mrs. Stowe)—and who believed her husband was then a saint in heaven,—and moreover, that he had been liable while in this world to spells of insanity, which resulted often in guilty actions—considering whether she should publish to the world one of the gravest charges she could possibly bring against the earthly reputation of this saint in heaven, whom she always and still tenderly loved!

It seems to us that the saintliness and devoted love which act in this way, are of a very narrow and shallow character.

And it does not appear to us, that Mrs. Stowe had any warrant to make the story public. If Lady Byron took her advice, and left the matter in charge of her relatives in England, what right had she to interfere? Is she one of those foolish people who cannot keep a secret? As to Lady Byron's reputation—that has never suffered in any great degree; while as to Lord Byron, he was driven out of England by the howlings of the press and society. And if Lady Byron did suffer some, could not such an angel bear it for the sake of the husband she still loved, and whose faults she regarded as owing partially to insanity, and whom she expected, we infer, to rejoin in heaven? If all this was not cant, why did she put it into the power of any indiscreet friend to discharge this terrible accusation at the memory and reputation of one who not only had been her husband, but the greatest poet, perhaps, with one exception, that ever glorified the English tongue? It strikes us as a miserable piece of business.

☞ Figaro says: "While London raised a monument to the wealthy American, Mr. Peabody, the Pope has ordered a bust of the Yankee so universally honored. On his voyage to Rome, Mr. Peabody presented to the treasury of Pope Pius IX., for his poor, $1,000,000. A fact curious to note is that Mr. Peabody is a Protestant."

☞ A great many members of that extraordinary Russian sect, the Skoptzi, who mutilate themselves for "the Kingdom of Heaven's sake," have been brought to trial at Tambow and found guilty. Their sentence consists in the loss of all civil rights, and banishment for life to Siberia.

The Science of Rowing.

An editorial in the New York World thus describes in a scientific manner the styles of rowing adopted by the University clubs at the recent contest at Worcester:

The victory of Harvard over Yale at Worcester has probably convinced the oarsmen of the latter college that they have labored under a scientific mistake. No spectator of the University race on Friday would have failed to see that Harvard was bound to win, by the sheer superiority of its stroke, against a crew of superior weight and perhaps of greater muscular power. The Yale oarsmen had been trained by Mr. Josh Ward, who taught them a style of rowing which he and his brothers believed in, because they had successfully adopted it in contests against an equally inferior method. This style may be briefly defined as a long, steady pull, with a high feather on the "recover." The crew stretch forward to their utmost, giving the blades of their oars a far backward reach; then pull, arms at length, backward, with all the might of their bodies, completing the stroke with their arms while yet reclining backward, so as to give the blades the furthest possible forward sweep.

This stroke has three obvious faults. The latter part of it is necessarily weak, because the oars are bent too far forward to have much direct pushing force against the water. The recover requires an effort which unavailingly taxes the strength of the oarsmen. And the recover, long and high, consumes a fatal amount of time.

The Harvard stroke, which tries the wind and muscle of the men more than that of Yale, does not, however, tax either of these, for the fragment of a second, in vain. Every part of the terrible stroke, and even the return to it, *tells*. The Harvard oarsmen, too, bend clear forward, take the water at once with a fierce grip, and pull back steadily with their bodies until they are just past the sitting, or upright, perpendicular position. The stroke is completed by a simultaneous straightening of the legs and hauling in of the arms. The pull of the arms not only makes the end of the stroke very powerful, but serves to assist the bodies of the rowers to recover. The recover of the oars is low along the surface, so that no space, no time, and no strength is necessarily sacrificed. The recover from the Harvard stroke gives a little more than half a second for breathing time—only this and nothing more. In the late university regatta, the Harvard crew started from the score, rowing forty-eight strokes per minute, and the Yale crew rowing forty-two strokes per minute. The average number of strokes per minute made by the Harvard crew during the race was about forty-three; the average number made by the Yale crew was thirty-eight.

It appears, therefore, that the Harvard is a vastly superior method, providing the men are able to vindicate it without "flunking" to the close of a race. The Yale stroke, devoid of that terrific, terminating jerk which jars the oarsman's frame more than all the previous pull, is less exhausting at the same time that it is less effective. As the regattas are not gotten up, we will suppose, merely for sport, but to test the relative physical strength, skill, and training of the students of the two colleges, it must fairly be admitted that the Harvard men have done the hardest work at the oar, according to the better method. The only true test of mere physical superiority will be a regatta rowed by both crews after an identical style.

Genius.

There are some minds endowed with a bright peculiarity called genius. It may be defined as the power of conceiving and executing high designs. Not to one department—of literature, the arts, the sciences, or of the wide field of invention, is the power of genius confined. Its sublime teachings are found in that soul thrilling sentence—and God said let there be light, and there was light; it is found all along the pages of inspiration and arrives at its climax in the writings of the Revelation. There are sentences in those deep revealings of earth's last days, of heaven and hell, that awaken a deeper and more fearful tide of feeling than the cloudy pencil which stretched the last judgment upon the canvas, and bound in earthly colorings the trumpetings, the storm, the terror, the wail, the darkness of retribution, the light of joy, and the gatherings of an eternity of happiness.

☞ A correspondent (unmarried) suggests that Solomon's wisdom was due to the fact that he had seven hundred wives, whom he consulted on all occasions.

☞ A little over a ton and a third per acre is the average yield of hay in Massachusetts, and no state cuts as much from the same surface.

Important Notice.

Farmers, families, and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea Sickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back, and Chest. The Venetian Liniment was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating, if it was ten dollars a bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of certificates can be seen at the depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Price, fifty cents and one dollar. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. aug7-4t

☞ A man passed through Allentown, Pa., the other day, pushing a wheelbarrow, in which was seated his wife, unable to walk from rheumatism, and who was trundled all the way there from Illinois. Two little children of the pair tramped by the side of the father the entire distance.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep25-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
129 South 7th st., or 41 South 6th st., Philadelphia.

Hogs.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says:—When I first came to Mac-a-cheek the valley abounded in copperheads and rattlesnakes. The hogs have cleared them out. It is amusing to watch Mr. Hoggy at this sort of meal. He regards snakes as a delicacy, and makes no distinction between the harmless and the poisonous sort. When he first sees the snake he makes after it on a lively trot. His expressive countenance says plainly, "Here is the first delicacy of the season." He takes the indignant snake about the middle, and with his hoof placed artistically on the back of the snake, he commences eating in the most deliberate and business-like manner. The snake remonstrates; he strikes wickedly at the gourmand. Hoggy winks, and grunts, but continues his meal until the last inch of the snake has disappeared.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-4t

☞ "How," asked a fast young Parisian of his friend, "do you rid yourself of an attachment which you don't care to continue?" "I have an excellent way. I write to the Postmaster at St. Petersburg asking him to send me a Russian postage stamp to pay for a letter from Moscow to Paris. Then I put this stamp upon a letter which I have written to the fair one, in which I say that 'urgent business obliges me to pass the next seventeen years out of France.' This I send to the Postmaster at Moscow, with a request that he will drop it in the mail, and the thing is done." "There is a much simpler way than that. I write to my lady, 'I know all. Adieu.' In twenty cases out of twenty-five there is something to know. At any rate it has always been successful in my case."

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ A clergyman "candidating" in Rutland, Connecticut recently, got "settled" by injudiciously remarking that "when women fall into sin they suffer less from compunction of conscience than men." The ladies of the congregation immediately determined that he wasn't the shepherd for that flock, and went vigorously to work to defeat him, which they did.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. 1y31-8t

---

☞ One of the Professors of the French Academy of Music recently received the following letter:—"Sir: my oldest daughter will die to-day because she did not obtain the first medal. My youngest daughter undergoes examination to-morrow. If a similar thing occurs, you will be the death of my two daughters.—Mrs. X." The frightened examiner did his best.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are the only reliable medicines for the cure of all bilious symptoms, derangement of stomach and bowels, old sores, ulcers and cancers.

☞ One of the most fashionable young ladies of Nahant wears a hat which cost only ten cents, and which she trimmed herself.

☞ It is said that the summer visitors of Newport leave no less than a million dollars a year there.

A DREAM.

BY ELLEN H. FLAGG.

——Lying upon my bed,
I dreamed the violets grew above my head;
You crushed the fainting fragrance of their bloom,
You strove in vain to reach me through the gloom;
Through all the sods I felt your heart's wild beat,
I heard your voice that called me, low and sweet,
And could not come, for all the tears you shed,
And then, indeed, I knew I must be dead.

The Great Medical Mistake

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. It is not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and powerful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The result is such a condition of the system as renders it *all but impervious* to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alterations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safeguards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. aug7 4t

---

☞ A student of Williams College who was to spend the summer vacation at Pittsfield, and whom his father gave $100 to do it with got rid of that amount somewhat against his will in two little investments, before the third day of the time had expired. The second day he bethought himself to offer a ride to a Lansboro lady, to whom he owed a philopena present; and in the course of the afternoon, having stopped at a jewelry store, offered her the privilege of selecting such a present as she chose. She modestly selected a diamond ring, valued at $75—three-fourths of the whole vacation fund. Caught, he could not retrograde; pay he must, and pay he did, as gracefully as the circumstances would allow.

STEVENSDALE INSTITUTE.
A CLASSICAL AND ENGLISH
Select Boarding-School for Boys.

This Institution is located at South Amboy, a thriving and growing town, Middlesex county, N. J., two and a half hours by rail from Philadelphia, and one and a half hours by boat from New York, with several boats and trains daily.

The location is superior, affording a beautiful view of the surrounding country and Raritan Bay. The grounds are ample and attractive, embracing more than forty-five acres, tastefully laid out, covered with beautiful shade-trees and shrubbery.

The school is designed to be of a family character. The pupils will be constantly under the supervision of the principal and his assistants. The number of scholars will be limited.

The government will be mild and parental. No vicious boy will, knowingly, be received or suffered to remain. A ready obedience to authority will be insisted upon and expected of all.

The course of instruction will embrace all the branches of a good business and classical education, including a thorough preparation for college. Pupils will be carefully taught and well grounded in every branch of study pursued.

The school is well supplied with chemical and philosophical apparatus, necessary to illustrate those branches of study by familiar experiments.

The object of the school is to afford a home where parents may feel assured that their children can be placed with safety and profit, free from the many diverting influences of large towns and cities. The academic year commences the first Monday in September, and continues forty-two weeks, including the usual recess at Christmas and Easter.

TERMS.—Board and tuition, including washing, fuel and lights, for scholastic year, four hundred dollars, payable half yearly in advance.

For further details address

J. H. WITHINGTON, A. M., Principal,
South Amboy, New Jersey.

☞ Father Hyacinthe, the most eloquent preacher of the Church of Rome, now extant in Europe, lately, at a meeting of the Peace Society in Paris, made the following declaration, which, considering his church, may be regarded as rather astonishing, viz.: "There are three religions in this world—the Jewish, the Catholic, and the Protestant—and all three are equal in the sight of God." (Received with great applause.)

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Theodosia Marriott, No. 1138 Mount Vernon street, Philada., JAMES RUSSELL, of Frederick county, Md., to ELIZABETH M. TUCKER, of Philada. No cards.

On the 8th of July, by the Rev. Andw. Murphy, Mr. JAMES H. FORAN to MISS EMMA CUTHBERT, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, Mr. ALFRED A. RICKERT to Miss MAGGIE H. THOMS, both of this city.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. John G. Wiehle, Mr. JOHN G. SINN to Mrs. JOHANNA R. BAIER, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. J. S. McCullough, WILLIAM H. THOMAS to ELLEN F. WEBSTER, both of this city.

On the 11th instant., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOHN H. MILLER to Miss MARY L. W. LEROUX, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, ALICE T. WALTON, in her 57th year.

On the 17th instant, Miss LAVINIA V. FULLER, in her 23d year.

On the 16th instant, JOSEPH W. HINSE, in his 31st year.

On the 16th instant, JOSEPHINE M., wife of Chas. P. Bower, in her 37th year.

On the 15th instant, JOHN P. POWER, aged 71 years.

On the 15th instant, RUDOLPH BIRKMANN, aged 25 years.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH FITZ, wife of Wm. Colladay.

On the 14th instant, ANNIE E. GRAHAM, in her 16th year.

On the 12th instant, Miss SARAH E. BOVELL, aged 35 years.

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

Once I was young, and I was fair,
And, oh! I had such wealth of hair,
That waved in golden beauty down,
And clasped my dimpled shoulders round;
And then my eyes outshone by far
The bluest sky and grandest star;
My voice, they said, was sweet and clear
As ever fell on list'ning ear.

They called my mouth a pearly way,
Round which bright rubies loved to play
In sunniest and sweetest smile
That e'er did manly heart beguile;
They said the beauty of my face
Was rivaled only by the grace
Of form and motion I possessed,
And elegance in which I dressed.

Full many proffered hand and heart;
Yet I evaded, with the art
Unknown to all save woman vain,
Who drinks, for pride, the bitter pain
Of hidden love and wild regret
We may conceal, but ne'er forget.
All this I wildly, deeply felt,
And thus I saw life's visions melt.

There came but one amid the throng
Who wakened love's enchanting song;
He spoke so sweetly. And I thought
That ne'er was love so madly sought;
And yet from him I coldly turned,
As if his love I proudly spurned,
And said in tone more keen than knife,
With scornful look: "I, be your wife!"

He entered, oh! so grand and bold,
Within my proud heart's vain stronghold!
And oh! his face forever there,
Seems but to make my soul's despair.
Another claims his love, while I
Must e'er my struggling heart defy,
And try to quell the bitter pain
That comes again and yet again.

To-day I passed him in the street;
How strange we two so coldly meet!
He did not know this form and face,
That now has lost all beauty's trace;
He did not think this thin gray hair
Was what he called so wondrous fair;
Nor that these eyes were dimmed with tears,
I wept for him through bitter years.

A grave is there so wide and deep,
That all my heart dreams in it sleep;
And wasted love wails o'er the mound,
E'er moaning "There may rest be found."
This tomb is in my bosom sealed,
And never must it be revealed.
The epitaph is one I hate,
Whose words are these: "The Coquette's Fate."

Hints for Ocean Travellers.

BY HATTIE BOYER.

We've never been to Europe but once; but we find it is something like going to Saratoga, where it takes at least one season to find out what will be the wants of the next. We said this, not long since, to a lady friend of ours who is about sailing away, and her answer was: "Oh, *do* tell me what to do, what to take, how to get ready!" We rattled on for one half hour as to her needs and capacities, at the end of which time she looked up helplessly and said, "*Would* you mind writing that down? So here we are, writing it down, for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

Many people seem to fancy that crossing the ocean in midsummer includes the comfortable wearing of a lace shawl and filagree bonnet. We dare say they are more *genteel* than water-proofs and capucines, but not at sea. At some periods of the voyage, particularly adjacent to the banks of Newfoundland, one rather needs the wrap over wrap of an arctic winter, and the cold is intensely penetrating and disagreeable.

Of course, we don't know any thing about male necessities; but if ladies only knew half the boredom of sea-port and frontier custom-houses we think they would leave behind all "Saratogas," and pack their *needed* wardrobe into a valise and one small sole-leather trunk. We would advise as few articles of underclothing as possible—a supply awaits you in every city—and three dresses—a water-proof walking suit, a black silk walking suit, and one of organdy or grenadine; or any other light summer material—to this can be added one long dinner dress, if deemed necessary. A capucine hood is invaluable for the voyage; protecting the head and neck, it also prevents the need of that strict attention to *coiffure* which is so wearying in the vacillating motions of steamer life. A water-proof cloak needs no recommendation from us, and a blanket-shawl is equally indispensable—to be used sometimes for its normal purpose, sometimes as a wrap for feet and limbs, for, sitting on deck, the wind plays strange pranks around one's pedal extremities.

A portable chair, with back and arms, and capable of being folded up and put out of the way at any time, is such a luxury at sea that we wonder so few people seem to know any thing about them. They can be obtained for a reasonable sum at any cabinet-maker's.

The first thing to be done after selecting your state-room is to slip a ten-shilling gold-piece into the hand of the head steward of the steamer in which you propose sailing, at the same time telling him that you want a good seat. Select one, if possible, *inside*, and as near as can be to the head of the table, where the motion of the vessel is far less perceptible than any where else. Much of the comfort of the voyage depends upon this, as the *salon* is not only the dining-room, but is used for all purposes of writing, reading, sewing, playing whist, etc., during cold or stormy evenings, or when the deck is undesirable.

On sailing day—after the last bell has rung, and you have bidden adieu to weeping friends—descend hastily to your state-room, unpack combs, brushes, etc., and arrange them in the racks prepared for them. Take off your travelling suit and hang it up. Then don the forlornest robe in your possession—you have brought it with you for the purpose—only let it be thick and dark. You can pitch it into the sea or give it to the stewardess when the voyage is over. After this put on wraps and capucine, and go on deck to watch the vessel's course down and out of our splendid harbor.

Eat whenever you feel like it. If you are thirsty eschew lemonade as you would tartar emetic, and drink seltzer water. Iced claret and water is very nice and wholesome for dinner.

If possible, go on deck before breakfast. Go on deck if it takes you two hours to dress and you wish you were dead a hundred times during the operation. Sea-sickness is its own cure; but after a day or two, when only nausea remains, fresh air is an unfailing panacea, therefore take as much of it as the weather will permit.

If you cannot eat in the *salon*, and for many days some can not, have your meals served on deck—no matter if they do get a little cold—it is better than eating nothing.

There are many pleasures connected with the short voyage across the Atlantic. Every steamer has a small but well-selected library. There are promenades on deck when the weather is pleasant, and sometime lingerings to see the moon rise, and curious notings of all the various routine of sailor life, and the infinite and unfailing resource of a study of character. There are visits to the engine-room, to watch the throbbings of the mighty monsters which impel the vessel on. There is the descent down narrow, winding, oily stairways to the fire-room in the uttermost part of the ship, where the atmosphere is so stifling that the brawny, thinly-clad salamanders themselves can not endure it more than two hours at a time, and live half lifetimes in consequence of their unhealthy vocation.

Don't be frightened at any unusual noises you may hear. For the first day or two all noises will be unusual, and for the first night or two imagination will fill you with untold horrors. After a time you will begin to realise that those horrible shrieks you hear are only the sailors singing—moaning I should rather say—at their work. And that the awful scraping, which sounds as though ten icebergs were menacing the vessel, and which, in fact, you are quite sure are icebergs, is caused by the innocently noisy operation of holy stoning the deck.

We can not forbear transcribing here that exquisite little poem of Florence Percy's, which comforted us when tossing far "Out at Sea."

Far on the deep mid-ocean tossed,
Leagues away from the friendly shore,
In the watery wilderness lost,
Driven and deafened by rush and roar;
Baffled by wind and wave are we;
What sweet home spirits may there be
Sadly pondering on our wandering
Wide and wearisome, out at sea!

Lying here in my tossing bed,
I dream of ruin, and rock, and wreck,
Hearing the slow, continuous tread
Of the sailor who walks the deck,
Keeping his long watch patiently.
Gentler watchers on shore there be;
Eyes which weep for us, leaving sleep for us,
Fond watch keep for us, out at sea!

In at the narrow window there
Drifts the ocean wind, wild and damp,
Frightening into flicker and flare
The feeble flame of the swinging lamp.
Yet though lonesome and dark it be,
There are places where steadily
Faith's fires burn for us, true hearts mourn for us,
Dear arms yearn for us, out at sea!

Blinded and beaten by wind and foam,
Hurled and tossed at the sea's command,
Sweet the thought that in some dear home,
Steady and still on the solid land,
Where our hopes and our memories be
Safely harbored from storm and sea,
Loves takes heed for us, love's lips plead for us,
Love's prayers speed for us, out at sea!

Night and darkness, and storm and clouds,
Creak of cordage and shudder of sails;
Drifting drearily through the shrouds
There is a murmur of mournful wails,
Dirges sung for the lost at sea,
Where the tempest is fierce and free;
Father hear to us, bend Thine ear to us,
Be Thou near to us, out at sea!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Calisthenic Exercises in Girls' Schools

The weak point of all, even the best, calisthenic exercises in girls' schools is that they are conducted in-doors. Even supposing the best system of calisthenics to be established at schools, and all the pupils to be required to go through a regular course of physical training, there would still be one great want or defect in girl's education remaining, namely, the want of suitable out-door exercises. Boys have in their schools this great advantage over girls, that, when they come out of class, they can generally fall to some game in which they take the keenest interest, and become so absorbed that they forget their lessons for the time. Indeed, so much organization and skill are required for some boyish games, and so keen is the interest taken in them, that at some of our public schools the games are considered by the majority of the boys as of far more importance than the studies; and the whole hearts of many boys are so wrapped up in cricket that it is most difficult to win their attention to grammar or algebra. But the great interest attaching to these games has one immense advantage—it causes the game to divert the mind as well as exercise the body. Boys who are engaged in cricket, footbal', rowing, fives and similar games, during the intervals between school-hours, not only have their bodies well exercised, but also have their minds diverted from their studies into a totally different channel; and thus those among them who are diligent and studious are prevented from over-tasking their brains and are forced to give them some rest. Girls have not this advantage. The out-door exercises which they get are not generally such as to thoroughly divert their minds while exercising their bodies, and consequently many girls, even if forbidden to read books during the intervals between school-hours, and forced to go out of doors, cannot prevent their minds running on their tasks. In the great majority of girls' schools there is no out-door exercise, except that of walking—a most inadequate provision both for exercise of the body and for diversion of the mind. To some schools, situated in the suburbs of London, there are grounds attached, in which the pupils can obtain out-door exercise; but even in these the only games used seem to be such as croquet and *les graces*. Most of these games are too desultory, and require too little organization to afford any real diversion to the players' minds; while croquet, which is, no doubt, a game of some skill and much interest, is said by some medical men to be an unhealthy game, because it necessitates much lounging and standing still, and a good deal of stooping.—*Cotemporary Review for July.*

☞ What a difference it makes whether you put Dr. before or after a man's name.

Among the Fine Arts.

Learning How to Beg—Robbing a Student.

It is difficult at this moment to determine what institution London still lacks, since it is very easy, for one at all acquainted with the city, to count upon his fingers the ones it already has. Stealing, begging and pocket-picking are systematically taught in secret, but up to a very recent period no one had dared to establish upon the Thames a school where begging, as a profession, is actually taught, and where the pupils have the advantage of lectures, and the use of disguises.

"What do you mean? is that humbug, or not?" I asked of my friend, who was an adept in city ways.

"No, that is the truth," he replied, and continued making his toilet as though discussing one of the commonest questions of the day. "There is the name of the professor and his residence, No. 21 Princess street, St. Giles."

"What is his name?"

"Roonay."

"I have the greatest desire to take a course of lessons, in order to give to the world the result of my observations."

"Why not do it, then?"

"In that case I must hurry."

"Why? Do you fear that the seats will be all engaged?"

"Not that, but rather that the police will be apt to close the academy as soon as possible."

"The police? Oh, no! Roonay keeps within the law, so as not to come in contact with it."

On the next day I sought Prof. Roonay. I did not in the least believe in his existence, but thought that the announcement of his having opened such an academy was one of those bold assertions so often made by the press in order to fill their empty columns. After considerable hunting, I at last found myself face to face with Prof. Roonay, whom I found dressed in elegant style.

"How can I serve you?" he asked, on my entrance, rising from his seat.

The sudden question rather disconcerted me.

"I wish to take a course of lessons in the art of begging with success," said I, after a short pause.

At the words "with success," I could not suppress a smile.

"You did not come here to make the art of begging, in the true sense of the word, a means of your future support; it was your curiosity which led you here, was it not?"

"Yes, that is so," I answered. "Nevertheless," continued I, "I have sought you with the earnest desire of hearing you lecture, and securing a seat. I can pay the required fee now."

Saying this, I took out my purse.

"Keep your money in your pocket," said Roonay, with a gesture of contempt. "I cannot allow your name to be placed upon the register of my academy, for I take none here but those having a firm determination to pursue for the future the paths I show them.

"But I will," continued he, "make an exception for once. I say for once, in your case, in order to convince you that there is not so much humbug in London as the foreign press would have it appear. Please follow me."

I had scarcely time to recover from my astonishment at his words, when Roonay led me into a wide hall which opened into a large room—the academy proper—the rear of which was handsomely decorated, and at this end was placed a desk for the lecturer. On the wall was hung many well-executed paintings, representing many devices of beggars in different countries, from the earliest days to the present time. The collection was one of considerable merit in a historical point of view.

"That side of the room represents London only," said Roonay, pointing to a collection showing the ways of London beggars.

We then entered a second room, which contained the appliances of the profession. Here were closets with glass doors, containing pieces made of what appeared to be *papier mache*, representing shot and stab wounds in various stages of healing. These, by simple mechanical contrivances, could be applied to any part of the body. In other parts of the room were to be seen many disguises, coats, little wagons for the use of pretended cripples, beggar clothing covered with medals for deeds of imaginary bravery and heroism, boxes with various inscriptions on them, umbrellas which looked as though made in the early days of art, and which could be used as weapons of defence, etc. Upon the table were strewn certificates for the use of pupils, testifying to their poverty or misfortunes; these were all signed by Roonay, and had the seal of the academy attached.

The third room we entered was the most interesting of all. Here we found kennels of dogs of various breeds.

"This dog can alone earn more than a hundred guineas a month," said the professor, pointing to a small hound, whose ugly countenance would alone move one to pity. "There, Mom, beg of this gentleman," continued he, placing on the dog's back one of the small boxes we had seen before.

The dog began by loud yelps, which he soon changed to a low whine, at the same time approaching me, nodding his head, then stood on his hind legs, and, reaching out his paw, pulled at my coat-tail. This he kept up, and would not be quiet until I placed a piece of money in the box.

"His neighbor, Armstrong, begs in a different way from that," said Roonay, at the same time opening a kennel, and letting out a large bull-dog, upon whose back was a huge box, on which was painted, "Your money or your life."

"Do not be afraid, he will not hurt you, if you only place your purse in the box."

At a signal from his master, the immense dog showed his teeth and snapped at me; and as I did not make a movement for my money, made a grab at my throat.

"That is not begging," cried I, indignantly; "that is modern highway robbery." Having no remedy, I placed the contents of my wallet in Armstrong's box.

"Here the two extremes meet," said Roonay, shrugging his shoulders. "This dog is a master of his art."

Just then the bell rang. Roonay was needed in the parlor. As we retraced our steps, he told me that it was his intention to establish a large factory in connection with the institute, where he would manufacture every thing required in the profession of begging. On reaching the door, Roonay offered me his hand, but I drew back, experiencing at the moment the same sensation a traveller must feel while lying on the grass and having a toad crawl over his face.

When in the street again, I was about to call a carriage, but was reminded of my empty purse. The modern professor of begging and highway robbery had relieved me of my last penny, and I had no redress. On the contrary, had I commenced an action against him, I doubt not that he would have recovered his tuition from me, for he had given me private lessons.

Venetian Glass-Workers.

The art of manufacturing the delicately wrought and exquisitely tinted glass which has been known by the name "Venetian," from that of the city in and near which it was formerly produced, has been reckoned among the lost arts; but, according to a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, the descendants of the same people who formerly practised it are reviving it, and, upon this restored branch of industry, are about to rebuild the former prosperity of their city—the Queen of the Adriatic. Already, in two years of independence, no small advance is visible. "Schools are open and fairly attended; workingmen's associations, co-operative societies, and a popular library founded; a technical institute or high commercial school established; water-streets are being drained, the canal leading from the port of Malamocco to the Arsenal is being deepened to receive vessels of the largest size, while a regular line of steamers in correspondence with the Indian mail is established between Venice, Brindisi, and Alexandria. Projects for docks and bonded warch uses, for a direct water entrance to St. Mark's Place, and for establishing direct commercial relations with foreign countries, are on foot; and Parliament has just voted eleven millions for repairing and enlarging the Arsenal. Meanwhile, foremost among accomplished facts, stand the manufactures of glass and of enamel mosaics; the rapid strides made during two years leaving no doubt that, if present efforts continue, and the commonest luck attend them, Venice will once more reign supreme in the magic regions from which she herself believed her children to be forever banished."

The "art of glass" was, according to the best accredited historians, brought to the desert islands by the Roman fugitives from Gothic invasion, who first drove the piles and laid the foundations of the sea-girt city. These had learned it from the Phœnicians.

"The first distinct record, however, is in 1090. From that date to 1291, the glass factories and furnaces increased so rapidly in Venice that—either because they exposed the city to frequent fires, or because of the peculiar color-brightening atmosphere of Murano—the Maggior Consiglio ordered them all to be removed to that island, then considered a suburb of the city. In the Correr Museum is preserved the *Mariegola dei fioleri de Muran*, whence we glean the laws that regulated, the privileges granted, and the penalties that menaced this race of artists, dear as their own power to the republican aristocrats.

"Terrible were the punishments inflicted on any Muranese who taught his art to any but a native of the island. If he fled with his secret to a foreign land, he was peremptorily summoned to return; if he failed to obey the summons, *his* nearest relatives were imprisoned. If he still remained callous to his duty to the Republic, an emissary was commissioned to put him to death. . . . The privileges conferred were no less important. The citizens of Murano were entitled to fill the first offices of the Republic. All the glass-workers might carry a *Vasina di coltelli*—that is, two knives in a sheath. Neither the *Bargello* nor the *Birri* nor even their chief, *Missier grande*, could land on the island; native magistrates alone could arrest a citizen, and send him to the supreme tribunals. The Muranese had the right of entering the first *peota*, or magnificently decorated bark, which accompanied the Doge on Ascension-day to wed the Adriatic, after which ceremony they might coin their own gold and silver *osella*. But the most precious privilege was conferred on the daughters of the manufacturers and of the foremen, who were allowed to wed with Venetian patricians, their children inheriting the father's rank, which privilege, considering the jealousy and exclusiveness of the aristocrats, gives one a fair notion of the esteem in which the glass art was held."

SHELLS AND SEAWEED.

Shells and seaweed! Ye bring nigh
Visions of the wave-washed shore,
Requiem of the sea-bird's cry
Mingled with the ocean's roar;
Little, indistinct, yet bright
Hints of what may never be,
Glimpses of a glorious sight
Buried 'neath the restless sea!

Shells and seaweed! O my life!
In thy tossing to and fro
With a never-ceasing strife
Dost not thou such relics show?
Hopes that once were living cells,
Visions that were flowers indeed,
Now are but as empty shells,
Or a dead forsaken weed—
Left by Time's relentless tide
Washed from all that gave them birth,
Gently in life's sands to hide,
Resting in their mother earth.

Living thoughts and generous deeds
Unfulfilled. O let them rest!
Look not on those faded weeds,
Ask not what they once exprest!
Empty shells! The listening ear
Hears in them the echoing past
Half reproachful; and we fear
Lest *our* thoughts and lives be cast
Up upon Time's wreck-strewn shore,
There be found by stranger's hands
But as shells, and nothing more,
Or as seaweed on the sands!

WILLIAM PENN.

"PARSON, I had much rather hear you preach," said a baffled, swindling horse jockey, "than see you interfere in bargains between man and man."

"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you would have heard me preach."

"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.

"In the state prison," returned the clergyman.

☞ It is strictly and philosophically in nature and in reason that there is no such thing as chance or accident, it being evident that these words do not signify any thing really existing, any thing that is truly an agent or the cause of an event, but they signify, merely, men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause.

Hereditary Talents.

Dr. Beard has an able article in Appleton's Journal on this subject, in which he takes the sensible view that talent, like other qualities, is transmissible. He says:—

If every quantity of organic existence tends to be hereditary—if the color of the skin and hair, the contour of the features, the expression of the eye, and all the countless maladies from which we suffer, are transmitted from parents to offspring, and from generation to generation—is it not rational to infer that the quality and quantity of the brain are just as decidedly and permanently hereditary? This question is answered in general by the history of nations. Among all races, and in every climate, we find that children inherit both the quantity and quality of the brains of their immediate or remote ancestors. The brain of the negro is lighter than that of the European, and his mental and moral character is proportionately inferior, just as was true of his ancestors centuries ago. The Chinese, the Hindoos, the North American Indians, the Bushmen, all partake of the mental and moral characteristics of their respective ancestors—are, indeed, simply repetitions of the generations who have preceded them. While it is true that tribes and nations may slowly improve or degenerate in the average quantity and quality of their brain, yet these changes can only be brought about by crossing, interbreeding, or selection, and after a long lapse of time. Therefore, the best developed or most degenerate races attain their position only by inheritance. Both the Europeans and the Africans are the types of their ancestors, and represent the accumulated virtues or vices of all who have preceded them. If, now, the mental and moral character is so directly and permanently transmissible that races and nationalities maintain their peculiarities as well as their general mental character, from century to century, it must necessarily follow that distinct *branches and families* may likewise preserve their individuality, and perpetuate the leading features of the mind. This logical deduction is justified by statistics.

Intellectual qualities, like all other characteristics, are liable to skip one or more generations. The talent of parents may skip their own immediate offspring, and reappear in their grandchildren. Diseases and physical peculiarities of all kinds are subject to the same law of reversion.

Against all the statistics that may be presented, it will be argued that the heirs of illustrious parentage have peculiar opportunities of education and social influence to develope their latent powers, and raise them to high positions; and that, especially in an aristocratic country, the statistics must give a false impression of the inherent capacity of families. To this objection, it need only be replied that, while education and social influence refine and cultivate, they cannot *create* an original mind, nor make a great man out of a small one.

One year since, I took the pains to go over the volumes of the "American Cyclopædia," and to put down indiscriminately the names and lineage of three hundred Americans, distinguished within the past of our country's history, with the object of ascertaining what proportion were connected with talented and distinguished families, as compared with those who sprang from humble origin, and were in no way related to any who were likewise distinguished.

The results of this statistical examination were most surprising to me, and must be equally so to all who have not directed their attention to this subject, and pursued a similar method of investigation.

Out of this list of three hundred Americans who have made their names illustrious in war, statesmanship, science, literature, art, oratory, invention, business, and financiering, over two hundred—*more than two-thirds*—had distinguished relatives. Over one hundred were fathers and sons, or grandfathers and grandsons; nearly fifty were brothers and sisters. There are several families (some of whose members are living,) each of which has been honored by a number of distinguished names. The Lees and Masons in Virginia, the Alexanders in New Jersey, the Astors in New York, the Winthrops, the Lowells, the Prescotts, the Adamses, and the Danes in Massachusetts, together with the families of Beecher and Booth, have already given *nearly fifty* illustrious names to our national history. An average of *four* talented and distinguished members in these eleven families, within the short period of our history, would seem to prove to the satisfaction of every one that intellectual qualities are, at least, capable of being transmitted.

The suggestiveness of these statistics is more apparent when we consider the youth of our country, as compared with the Old World, and the fact that our population is continually being replenished and modified by immigration. In this list of three hundred names were included a number of living notabilities, whose children or grandchildren may hereafter rival their ancestors in distinction. It should also be considered that many of these individuals probably number among their near relatives many who, though unknown to fame, were yet possessed of superior talents, that, under different circumstances, might have brought them into notice, and secured their immortality.

Any one, who will undertake the labor of studying the biography of American genius in the manner and by the rules I have here indicated, must, I think, become convinced that the popular impression on this subject of hereditary ability is entirely erroneous. Any one who will investigate and reason on the subject philosophically, in the light of what is now known of the variation of animals and plants, of the history of animated Nature, and of the different races and classes of men, must also become theoretically convinced that talent of all kinds is hereditary, that, in the very nature of things, it could not be otherwise, and will wonder that a contrary opinion could ever have been entertained by rational or thinking minds. [Commonplace children are often born to very talented men—but then it generally is the case that the man has married a commonplace woman. In such cases some of the children would probably inherit the ability of the father, and others the mediocrity of the mother—modified by the frequent tendency to partake of the qualities of some grand-parent.]

☞ "Excuse me, sir," said a beggar, "but you have given me a counterfeit." "Well, well, my child, keep it for your honesty!"

☞ When you are told to "Beware of the big dog," does it not signify that an ex-cur-shun is recommended?

OUT IN THE STREET.

I heard a sweet voice call last night as I
went down the street,
The voice rang clear in the twilight—the song
was low and sweet,
The words were as sweet as the singer, I
know not which was more sweet.

A great red seam in the pile-cloud gleamed
through the purple dusk,
As a ripe pomegranate bursts its red through
the slender husk;
A crimson cactus drooped near the downy
folds of a musk,

That trailed from the wide uneven stone of
the window-sill,
And scattered its scent in the room as the
curtain swayed or was still;
And the light within grew steady, or flicker-
ed—as with a chill.

The wind came, laden with song. She stood
on the low, worn steps
In the doorway. Her face was so wondrous
fair; her lips were like mahaleps,
And her rich hair melted from bronze to
gold from the roots to the tips.

Only a woman singing; such as you or you
may see
Any day at the gathering time in the vine-
yards of Tuscany;
Such a one as the Carucci loved—she was
worthy to be!

Only a woman singing; a song you, or you,
may hear
A score of times in the streets of Florence,
each day of the year:
"My lips are cherries, ay, twin ones; cher-
ries hang at each ear,

Twin ones, too, and these shall be yours if
you love me the best,
On the oath that no woman has loved out
her love on your breast
But I; and the lips shall be yours if you'll
kiss them."—And so for the rest.

Only a peasant's ditty, you say! *I* found it
so strangely sweet,
I stopped in the twilight to listen alone in
the street,
Till I heard in the distance the approach of
a lover's feet.

* * * * *

Good-night, sweet singer; your song has
struck an old chord in me,
A chord that can no more be still, yet rings
of what never can be,
A wound that can no more be closed, and a
dear sad memory.

Good-night; the song is finished, put out
the light;
And I must go out alone in the drear of the
night,
The old song jarring within me. Good-night.
Good-night.

A BOSOM FRIEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

"Where is your pa?" cried Mrs. Irving, suddenly remembering him.

"He was here at supper, but no—stay—I cannot think when he disappeared; he was looking tired, and I suppose went to bed just as I might have expected. I trust no one thought of it; dear me, how could he be so impolite."

Helen was running up to her chamber, and answered from the staircase as she went—

"He cannot endure parties, you know, and so he took a cigar and went to bed."

But Mrs. Irving did not find him there; and rather astonished, went back into the parlor, and from thence into a pretty little sitting room, called by courtesy the library, without getting sight of him. The sleepy servants were putting away things in the supper-room and endeavoring to bring order out of chaos, when their mistress rushed in with an inquiry concerning her husband; but none of them had seen him, and great consternation fell upon all, when the house was completely searched with the same result.

Strange to say, Helen's door remained closed during the bustle of running up and down stairs, and her poor frightened mother would not allow them to alarm her. Her first sensible thought in the whirl of fear and confusion into which her husband's unaccountable absence had thrown her, was to send to Mr. Brierly's hotel, and with trembling hands she despatched a little note, begging him to come, and explaining the cause of her alarm. The man who went was gone but a few moments, and when he returned and reported that Mr. Brierly had sprung up in great haste, and seemed alarmed and excited, it only increased the poor lady's fears, who walked the floor in great distress, and after forbidding the servants to speak to her daughter or in any way awaken her anxiety, would almost reach her door in an impulse of dread and recover herself control to return to the parlors again, and await Mr. Brierly's appearance.

Without acknowledging how much they all owed to the quiet and nobly generous friend, who was ready to prove his unprofessed devotion to them all at every opportunity—Mrs. Irving valued and trusted him more than any one else in the world. Now he seemed like an embodied hope and refuge, and she listened for his step in a strange alternation of fear and expectancy. It was a long time, and the sun was shining clearly when the bell rang, and flying into the hall she saw him looking very pale and strangely grave and solemn. Disregarding her breathless questions, he came towards her quickly, and drawing her into the library, closed the door. She saw, yet could not believe what he strove to prepare her for.

"Very ill," she heard him say, and understood something about his going to the office and finding him there. "Much worse," Mr. Brierly repeated, slowly, and looked at her with compassionate eyes, "very much worse—and I fear he will never recover."

She gave him a long stare of wild misery that would not realize its own depths, and sinking on the carpet beside him, found refuge for a little time in insensibility.

Her daughter was Mr. Brierly's next thought, and opening the door, he found a kindly-faced servant woman in the hall, to whom he told the terrible story in a few words, and besought her aid in softening the blow that had fallen so suddenly on wife and daughter.

He had seen Mr. Irving take his hat and go out in the open air while his guests were at supper, and feeling sure that his steps would bend towards his office, he had hurried there on receiving Mrs. Irving's message. There he found him seated at his desk, with his head fallen forward and his figure bent as if in slumber. At first he hoped to have found it so; but Mr. Irving's sleep was one that knew no waking, and the physician he roused to aid him in his endeavors to recover the merchant, pronounced him to have been dead for some hours.

Mrs. Irving's still fainting head lay upon the shoulder of her weeping servant, and Mr. Brierly went into the upper hall to speak to poor Helen and prepare her for the sight of her father's body, which was even now on its homeward way.

A servant who had knocked at her door, found her ready dressed, and to his astonishment she came out to meet him, startled and pale at the summons, but in full walking costume, equipped apparently for the promenade.

"What is it, Mr. Brierly?" she exclaimed. "What does it all mean? Jane says pa has not been found, and she looks so wildly that I am frightened without knowing why."

Mr. Brierly took her hand and said, with all the kindness of his manly heart breathing in the words, "you must ask God to give you strength to be a good, true daughter to your poor mother—she needs all your love and courage now."

A long, desolate cry from below followed by stifled sobs, was the commentary on his words, and Helen listening with a face quivering with inexpressible terror, caught his hands in hers and shrieked—

"My father—where is my darling father?"

"With God, who is your father too," replied he, believing it better that she should know her desolation at once rather than receive its knowledge in lengthened torture.

She gave a cry and sprang past him down the stairs to where her poor widowed mother lay moaning in the weeping Jane's arms. Lifting her forcibly into her own, she clasped her wildly, crying,

"Mother, forgive me, and pray that my father's blessed spirit may not know how unworthy I am!"

The poor lady did not heed her words, nor yet notice the bonnet and veil she wore. Mr. Brierly's hands, with the quiet skill of a woman's, removed them out of sight, and when the deadly faintness stole over her mother once more, and her convulsed form dropped powerless in her daughter's arms, he stooped and whispered—

"Spare her and yourself the knowledge of that folly, it would give added pain, and be unjust to your real nature."

She gave him a half confused, half grateful look, and closed her lips upon her self-accusations.

An hour after Mr. Irving's body was laid quietly in his own chamber, and solemn grief reigned in his household. As if by magic all traces of last night's gayety were put out of sight, and the late revellers coming in frightened condolence found everything in seemly order, though Mrs. and Miss Irving were too ill to be seen.

Mr. Brierly stayed in answer to the wordless prayer of Mrs. Irving's eyes as she turned them on him.

She was utterly broken down, and made no effort to rally or meet the terribly sudden stroke that had made her a widow, she crept into her daughter's room and hid her face from the light, holding Helen's firm and loving hand in hers, and groaning and shivering in her yet unfathomed desolation.

In the afternoon, after he had seen the undertaker and arranged all that could be done without consulting the wishes of the poor ladies, he stood in the darkened parlor trying to decide whether it would be better to speak with them or try to spare them any business connected with the mournful subject.

Helen came in quietly, and approached with a face and manner so changed, that it seemed impossible for a few hours of trouble to have worked so great an alteration; she was very calm and womanly, and though her face showed the traces of a fearful struggle, it was sweetly solemn in its sorrow.

"Mr. Brierly, please don't try to spare me anything; the only way I can help ma, and atone for the past, is by being useful and trying to do my duty, which I have never done before. I know there is something that I ought to do, please help me to think of it. I am so unused to thinking of anything but myself that it will not suggest itself to me."

He made no effort to disclaim against her deprecating manner.

"I think you had best try and find out your mother's wishes in regard to the funeral," he said gravely.

She gave a quick start, as if the words stung her, and being new in the ways of sorrow, covered her face and cried aloud—

"Oh, my darling father." But in a little time she conquered her emotion, and answered that she would do so, and begged that everything that it was in her power to do might be shown to her without regard to her feelings—she would soon be quite strong and able to do her duty, which she hoped would be made plain to her.

There was one thing more, and as she spoke her white face glowed a painful scarlet, she must confess her folly and deceit, and she prayed her friend to have patience and forgiveness as he listened. She had allowed herself, under the influence of a delusion that had fled, leaving no excuse for its existence, to believe that she loved and desired to marry Captain Ellis. They had persuaded her that a romantic elopement would be a proof of the purity of her devotion to a poor lover, and she had consented in blind and silly disobedience to her parents' will. That very day she was to have gone, and the hour that her poor father's body was brought home was to have seen her a wife. It was all her own fault, she corrected herself carefully when in the intensity of her mortification Miss Warren's name slipped into her narration, and she was anxious by a life of devotion to her poor stricken mother to prove the sincerity of her regret. But would Mr. Brierly—she paused trembling, and looked down upon the carpet, alternately pallid as death and glowing red—would he see Mr. Ellis—would he say that she felt like one awakened from a stupor who had been going forward blindly to destruction. She could not explain personally, nor could she write—it seemed as if she had suddenly escaped from a dreadful madness, and no reason or judgment belonged to the past. It was all over, and she begged and prayed to see him no more. It had been mad folly without common sense or esteem, and it was all past forever. God in mercy had shown her in the midst of her crushing sorrow that it was not too late to undo what should never have been done—and she thanked Him humbly for the lesson. She burst into a passionate flow of tears, and murmured between her sobs—

"Pray do not think I desecrate my father's memory by mixing it with such a scene, but I must begin right, and I cannot, oh, I cannot see him any more."

Knowing that she alluded to Captain Ellis, Mr. Brierly had little difficulty in understanding why such a shallow fancy met so sudden a death. The blow that had plunged her young life in sorrow had awakened her to thought and self-knowledge, and the infatuation of the past was annihilated in the effort. But her quiet friend, though kind, was firm and very serious.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that this revulsion of feeling will last? Is it any more real than the fancy it has overcome?"

"You doubt me, Mr. Brierly, and well you may, since you know how faulty I am, but I can only repent, as I do with my whole heart, and try to prove myself worthy of confidence once more."

"But you must write all this; it is something that you and you only can or should explain. I will carry the letter, but it must contain your own words."

"Oh, do not ask me to do that. I cannot find words to excuse the past. Oh, please see him and say I did not know what I was doing, that I was not wise enough to think or question a mistaken impulse."

But Mr. Brierly was decided; he would carry a letter or arrange a personal interview; that was all he could or would promise. And Helen next morning placed in his hands a small package, the form of which proved it to contain a bundle of billet-doux, on top of which was her own letter to Captain Ellis. All she said was, "I have done as you said, and some time, when my mother's heart can bear it, I will confess my deceit and disobedience, and beg her forgiveness."

Every thing was in order for the funeral. Mrs. Irving had never rallied from the shock, and was still lying weak and ill in her daughter's darkened chamber. She could not even rise to go and take a farewell look at the face about to be shut out of her sight for ever, and the doctor said nothing but her daughter's devotion and consoling love could save her from a dangerous fever. Helen only left her when she slept, and although her altered face betrayed how deeply her heart felt its bereavement, yet her courage and fortitude sustained her, and she took her place at the head of the sorrowful household with a dignity and judgment that astonished them all.

There were plenty of friends to surround her with offers of service and sympathy, but Mr. Brierly had rendered any material aid unnecessary, and she was too deeply interested in her poor mother's illness to have time to receive visitors.

Her bosom friend never presented herself, nor did she apparently miss her, for not until after that sad day had passed, when the solemn cortege wound towards the cemetery and left the house so empty and desolate, did Mrs. Irving or her daughter speak together of anything but the one solemn theme.

Then her mother said, in faint surprise, "Where has Rose been? I have not seen Rose."

Helen's face changed color, and she said hastily, "Wait a little while, ma, and I will tell you about Rose. I ask it for my own sake, for I have a confession to make."

The poor mother raised her sad eyes to her daughter's face and seemed for the moment startled, but the great shock had numbed her feeling of smaller ones, and she did not again recur to the subject.

Meantime, totally resigning all interest in life or its duties, she abandoned the management of their affairs to her daughter, and gave herself up sorrowfully to reproaching herself for not having foreseen the death-shadow that had brooded so long over her poor husband's head. Helen had previously filled the measure of her love to the exclusion of a true and proper estimate of her husband, and being naturally exacting, she now arraigned her own life with more than just reproach, and morbidly remorseful, gave way to unavailing regret. Then the realities of their new position opened only to her daughter's eyes—a yet untried and wholly untrained child of impulse and feeling. The discipline was severe but useful, and she met the necessity bravely and with self-control.

"I know my father's loss must affect our means and style of living," she said to Mr. Brierly, and I am sure that in a business so extensive as his there must be much left in an unsettled and disarranged condition—if we are to make changes, or go away from here"—her face changed color a little as she said this—"pray let me know, that I may make it as easy as possible for ma."

Mr. Brierly was Mr. Irving's principal creditor, and had he been a merciful one no change in the life and surroundings of his widow and orphan would have been necessary, but he did not choose to yield his claim, and so very concisely explained to Helen that a small establishment would be much better fitted to their present means, and laying her father's business clearly before her in right of being executor, proved that prudence and economy would be essential for some time to come, since, after paying weighty debts and providing for partial investments, the remainder of his property consisted of stocks and bonds of still precarious value, Mr. Irving's speculating mania having led him to trust much to new institutions. She received this knowledge gravely, and begged advice as to how she should best proceed. Here Mr. Brierly's tact and kindness were of material aid, he knew of just the pretty, neat, suburban home that would suit their means, and Mrs. Irving proving singularly apathetic as to their plans, or her removal, they were soon established in their new home, with two servants from the great mansion they had left, and a tithe of its furniture and appointments for their present use. It was a neat, cheerful place, and Helen strove to make it altogther attractive and comfortable for her mother's sake.

"I shall like it exceedingly," she said encouragingly to her, "it is very convenient and really pretty; do you not think so?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Irving, tearfully, "every place is alike to me since your father is gone; if I had only watched over him as I should have done, we should not have been reduced to this." "But, mother," said Helen gently, but firmly, "we are not reduced to extremities, we are able to be honest and true to my father's memory, and yet be comfortable on the fruits of his labor. So many would be happy to have as much."

"Yes, yes, I dare say," returned her mother in a tone of vexed trouble. "There are people who cannot estimate grief because they have never felt it, but I am willing to bear my load since I did not strive to save him as I might have done."

The time had not yet come for Helen to tell her mother of her own miserable entanglement with Captain Ellis, and her promise to elope with and marry him, which everybody else knew, and had canvassed fully within a fortnight of her father's death. Everything being done that had to be met and conquered on the road towards beginning life anew, she at last decided that it was her duty to do so, and while she still trembled at the necessity of opening what seemed a closed wound, her mother saved her the trouble by probing it herself.

"Why, Helen, do you know that Mrs. Austin was here to-day?" she said eagerly one evening, as Helen returned from a walk; "and she really was very kind, and talked so sensibly of your father. I am glad she came, though I've been anxious to avoid old friends."

"I am glad, too, ma, for you look brighter and more like yourself," said Helen, pleased at her mother's unwonted brightness.

"But I was going to tell you what she told me; and now that I think of it, I cannot imagine how it was that I never thought of it before. She says Rose Warren ran away with young Redding, old Mr. Grabbitt's nephew, and Mr. Warren was perfectly wild about it, for Mr. Grabbitt left Walter as a sort of ward of his when he went to Europe, and confided to him his matrimonial intentions for the boy when he considered him old enough to marry. Rose knew this, and managed the elopement, hoping to soften Mr. Grabbitt's heart and reconcile him to the match when he found it was made. She failed, for the old man would not see her, and utterly ignored him for his disobedience. Now, would you think it possible? Rose, that sweet girl, that I always thought such an innocent, unsophisticated creature, has actually applied for a divorce on some ridiculous pretence, and Mrs. Austin says her flirtations with that young Captain Ellis are really shameful, and subject her to the greatest scandal."

Pausing in this scandalous narrative, Mrs. Irving found her daughter in tears—tears forced by shame and sorrowful regret.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "I am so sorry that I have to tell you the truth, not because I wish to spare myself, but because I am sorry that you should be pained by the knowledge."

Then at her mother's feet, with her arms around her, she confessed that she had deceived her as to the nature of her friendship for Rose, which was only a flame that fed her vanity and absurd sentimentalism. Being friends, they were pledged to wed two friends; and to make it truly romantic, their nuptials were to have been clandestine. Through Rose's cunning, a constant correspondence was kept up, and the excitement of the deception prevented her from finding one quiet moment of communion with her own better nature whereby to test the reality of her fancied passion. With sobs of contrition she told her astonished mother of her plan to elope, and how the dread messenger of death forestalled the mad scheme and woke her to reason. She did not plead her subsequent devotion, or the life of noble, unselfish love she had since laid at her mother's feet, neither did she by word or implication excuse herself by blaming the temptation of her position, or the deceit and duplicity of Rose Warren that had laid the plot and drawn her into it as a cover to her own designs, but she begged to be forgiven and trusted once more, while she worked out her penance and proved her contrition sincere.

Her mother looked at her in reproachful amazement. "Such a *return*," she murmured, "such a return for all the care, the ceaseless anxiety and thought expended on your life and education. If I had been less particular to protect you from such influences, then I might have been prepared for this, but to have wasted my every thought and feeling on securing you all that a mother could hope to gain for her child, even depriving my dear husband of his due share of my regard and devotion to bestow it all on you and be so deceived. Oh, it is a bitter repayment of my over-anxious care!"

So said Mrs. Irving, and so she really felt, and never did she fully appreciate the noble and true-hearted woman Heaven had kindly aided her daughter in becoming, despite her injudicious education.

One day, when the loss of her father was an old wound, that the softening influences of two busy years had gently healed, Helen Irving, a polished, cultivated, and contented girl of twenty, read in the Paris correspondence of a daily journal, a not very flattering summary of the proceedings of her late bosom friend. Rose Redding was no longer the wife of the man whose name she bore, yet living in the splendor brought by his wealth, for old Mr. Grabbitt had died, and his nephew was his heir after all. Being a kind-hearted, soft-headed fellow, he had bountifully enriched the woman who deserted him, and Paris being a good sphere for the handsome, but scarcely reputable belle, she was holding court there, with plenty of male admirers and female critics.

Helen laid down the paper with a sad face and sighed very heavily, "because," she said to herself, "it was my poor father's death that saved me from such wickedness and disgrace; but for that I should have been that man's wife, who shamefully brought his friend's honor to contempt, and ruined the fair fame of poor Rose Warren."

It was certainly true that Captain Ellis was a young man without character, but no one but Helen pitied Walter Redding's false wife. But, who would have thought it, Helen Irving by no means buried her heart in the grave of the past, but the wonder was that she should resurrect it for John Brierly! a man who was old two years before, and who certainly grew no younger; one who only danced upon occasion, and never flirted under any circumstances—who was not given to flattery or empty speeches, and who seldom strove to charm by the real powers of his mind or graces of his cultivated intellect, but who was good and true, and, above all, loved her better than life itself.

It was not the consciousness of this all-absorbing devotion that had won her, for timid when the great question of his love was at stake, he had not forced it upon her, nor endeavored to make her gratitude yield him what he hoped to gain from her affection. And so it was Helen learned to love the man to whom she owed all that was bright and promising in life, and through whose influence and example she had become a patient and loving Christian woman, guided by high principles instead of wavering impulses and love of approbation.

As she put aside the paper that afternoon her mother came in from the garden, where she had lately learned to expend much time and care in the pleasant training of flowers.

"My dear Helen," she said, "next year I mean to plant woodbine round the sitting-room porch, it climbs so gracefully, and I think the perfume is quite as sweet as the jessamine."

Helen laughed and blushed.

"I want to tell you something, mother," she said half timidly, "I do not mean to be underhand or secretive, and I have only known this myself a very little time. We shall not live here next year—that is, I mean there is another home for us—and oh, ma, I trust we may be able to make it a happy one for you."

"We—a new home—what on earth does the child mean," cried her mother, laying down her garden gloves and sinking into a chair. "Why, Helen, we have a lease of the cottage, and it is a very nice one, I'm sure."

"Yes, dear mother, but John Brierly wants us to go back to the old house and live with him. Let me tell you about it—he took it for the debt pa owed him, because he thought it would be better for me to make a change, and get away from the influences that he knew were not good for me; and so he has fitted it up beautifully; and now that he thinks me worthy, he has given it back to me—and we are to go there and live once more—oh, so happily, I hope, dear mother.

"Go to live with John Brierly," repeated Mrs. Irving, in blank amazement.

"Oh, I forgot, I did not say that we were to be married, if you will give us your blessing; and, oh, dear mother, I did not tell you, but I will now, and I hope to prove it every day and hour I live—I love John Brierly with all my heart."

"Why, my dear, it's incomprehensible!" cried Mrs. Irving; and so she continued to cry for quite a while. "A mere man of business," she reasoned, "and the girl is scarcely half his age. I always looked on him as a friend of my dear husband's, and a very reliable man in case of difficulty of any kind."

Perhaps it was this latter consideration, and the fact that they were not to be separated, induced her to yield her consent at last—which she did rather ungraciously, all things considered; for as she remarked, she "never could endure to feel herself second in her child's regard, and know that the love and care of so many years were set aside for the sake of a comparative stranger."

John Brierly was a happy man, for he had gained the desire of his soul and not taken her as her first silly fancy found her, dress and all, but as pure gold tried by sorrow and experience, and fitted to wear the best and truest crown of womanhood—the name of wife.

Advantage of Travel.

Speaking of the advantages to be derived from travel, a writer in the Northwestern Christian Advocate thus wisely remarks:

Educate a man as highly as you please. He may be happy in the exercise of his mind, or the contemplation of his knowledge; but throw him into society, or upon the stream of travel, and he feels painfully awkward. He sees that he is sadly deficient in a kind of knowledge every way essential to his comfort, and which seems to be abundantly possessed by everybody else.

Just in proportion as you increase the book of knowledge, you enhance the difficulty. The only way to obviate it, is to make a trip.

Every person ought to make it a point and duty to do so, at least once a year. It improves and increases our knowledge vastly, from observation of men and things. We see humanity in all its phases. A little of the worst, for that kind don't travel much, and much of the best, for that kind travels a great deal. I hesitate not to say that the very large majority of our travellers is composed of the best and most intelligent of our people. The better and more intelligent they are, the more taste they have for this most rational and profitable way of improving personal qualities.

As to manners there is nothing comparable to it. It rounds, polishes and finishes our behavior. Pick up a pebble from a gravel bank. It was once an angular, unsightly fragment, that no one would care to see or touch. It is now rounded, smooth and beautiful, just such a thing as every one admires, and children love to play with. This was effected by change of place. It has travelled far and with much company, until its rudeness is gone, and the true beauty of its nature appears. Travel will have the same effect upon our mind and manners.

Table Manners.

When to eat, and what, and how much, are questions which have been abundantly answered well and ill; but it is not considered as it ought to be, that the attendants of the family table have a much larger share in promoting a healthful digestion than is generally supposed.

A good appetite is essential to a good digestion, but a snow-white tablecloth is a great promotive of a good appetite. No one can eat in comfort if any member of the family appears at the table in slatterly dress; with unkempt hair; showing a breadth of black under the finger nails; with a hawking and a spitting and a blowing of the nose, and their tremendous associations.

But the spotless napkin, the most splendid roast, and faultless concomitants all, what do these amount to, if sadness is written on the face of the wife; if an angry scowl gleams from the corrugated brow of a morose husband, or a dissatisfied look comes from a child's eye, and the meal is partaken of in ominous silence? Away with such unloveliness! there is no sunshine in such a household, and the members of that family, if they grow up at all, will become the refrigerators, the bane of every company into which they may be thrown in after life.

Rather let the family table be the place of glad reunions; as much looked forward to as the promised coming of a cherished friend; let courtesies more than courtly be ever cultivated; let smiles wreathe every face; let calm satisfaction sit on every countenance; let light hearts and cheery words, and obliging acts, and watchful attentions be the order of the day; these are the promoters of a healthy digestion; and these are they which largely help to make happy homes, and good hearts and generous natures.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Amina, in Somnambula, was evidently from Wisconsin, else why should she be a mill walky girl in the last scene?

Serpents and Venomous Snakes.

BY N. A. WOODS.

We have, however, done now with the venomous snakes which are not *certainly* deadly in their bites. Let us, then, look for a moment at the other side of the picture—to the reptiles from whose little wounds all the skill of science is unable to avert a fatal result. Unfortunately, there are but too many of this class in Africa, America, and Asia. Taken according to these great divisions, we find Africa, as we might expect, to be especially cursed with these pests, in addition to hosts of noxious and venomous insects, and scores of kinds of snakes which are almost as dangerous as the rattlesnake. She has no less than seven distinct varieties of serpents, all of which are known to be absolutely deadly. These are the horned cerastes (Cleopatra's asp), the plain cerastes, the cobra or najii, the black adder, the puff-adder, the Morocco snake, and the river-jack. Let us take them in the order we have mentioned them; some will only require a few words, others deserve a longer notice. The horned cerastes is the most repulsive of all reptiles. It is not much above a foot long, of a dull sand-color, with a round flat head about the size of a florin, deep sunk in which are a pair of cold, gray, glassy-looking eyes, with two curved horns projecting outwards over each, which give it an expression that is absolutely fiendish. This is the asp with which, according to tradition, "the queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" balked the great Cæsar's fame. It is abundant enough in the deserts of Egypt and Upper Africa, where it basks in the sun, but where it is so like the color of the sand that a person might be walking among a dozen of them without seeing one. Its bite is *death*, and it is so very sluggish that it will scarcely move out of the way to avoid being trodden on; and this makes its danger. Camels are constantly killed by it. The plain cerastes is much larger than the horned, quite as deadly, and much more abundant. Yet it does much less mischief; for it is easily seen, is very timid and very agile, and gets out of the way on the least alarm. Not so with the najii or Egyptian cobra. This deadly snake is much longer and altogether larger than its Indian namesake; but, like its eastern kinsman, and indeed like all the family of cobras, it is untamably vicious. Most snakes in captivity will get accustomed to those who keep them,—so far, at least, as to refrain from striking at them when they come near the fronts of their glass cages. The cobras, especially the Egyptian cobras, never acquire even this small amount of negative good temper. Nothing will keep them quiet, even among themselves; for they are incessantly fighting and biting each other in the most vindictive manner. They are so abundant in Egypt, that numbers are sent annually to the collectors in England, and not ten per cent. of them arrive alive. They rarely live more than a twelvemonth in captivity, as they will seldom feed, and kill themselves by constantly striking at the glass of their cages when anyone comes near them. To human beings, camels, or horses, their bite is fatal in an hour or a little more.

It seems strange that I should say these snakes are constantly biting each other, when the effect of their poison is so fatal to other animals; but such is the fact. All who have kept venomous snakes know that they bite each other with impunity, even though they are of different species. But the bite of a venomous snake will kill a non-venomous one as quickly as it would a rabbit. There may, therefore, be something, after all, in the old wives' tale, that the fat of a killed snake which has bitten a person is good to apply to the wound. The black adder is found only in South Africa. It is a hideous reptile, about four feet long, very deadly in the swift action of its poison, and so sluggish in its movements that it may easily be trodden upon. Fortunately, therefore, it is rather rare, and only found in thick underwood. I wish I could say the same of the puff-adder. This most repulsive-looking serpent literally abounds in Southern Africa. It is, in fact, so abundant, and so easily caught, that even after all the cost of transit from the Cape, fine specimens can easily be got in London at from thirty to forty shillings each. This is really a terrible snake. It grows to a length of more than five feet, and is often thicker than a man's arm. Its colors are as dull and repulsive as is its very large, flat, javelin-shaped head. In feeding it is insatiably voracious. I have seen a large one eat three guinea-pigs and twelve sparrows at a single meal,—a bulk very nearly as great as its own body. In captivity, too, it is terribly quarrelsome with its mates, and they are continually biting each other in the most severe manner. I saw one actually leave one of his poison-fangs stuck deep into the head of his fellow-prisoner, where it remained for days. This sluggish, disgusting reptile, which haunts dry places and rocky ground, is looked upon with the greatest dread in Southern Africa; in some parts the fear of it goes to such an extent that, even after the creature is killed, the natives will not touch it with their hands, believing that the very skin can communicate the deadly poison, which belongs only to its fangs. In the Bosjesman country, on the contrary, where this adder is enormously abundant, the natives hunt them,—first, to get poison for their arrows; and next, when the coveted head is cut off the reptile, to eat the thick body of the snake itself. These savages always creep upon the adder, as they can very easily do, unawares, and break its back at a single blow. They then carefully extract the poison-glands from the roof of the mouth. This venom is very thick, like glycerine, and has a faint acid taste. This they mix up on a flat stone with an acrid poisonous gum, which, as well as I can recollect, is called "purki." It is thus worked up till it gets to the consistency of thick glue, when it is spread over the barbed head of the arrow, and for about two inches up its point. The arrows are then dried in the sun, and put away in a special sheath of their own, apart from the common shafts. Every warrior carries some half-a-dozen of these devilish weapons; and I am told, and I quite believe it, that the wounds they inflict are as fatal as the bite of the adder itself. Only two more African snakes remain to be noticed; one is the river-jack,—a singularly beautiful reptile, exquisite in its colors, and of great size and thickness for a deadly snake. It haunts the rivers of Western Africa, where it is easily caught or killed; generally the latter, for not many are sent to Europe. The last is the Morocco snake, which is abundant in North Africa. This is one of the most quickly deadly of all snakes, and quite as venomous as the coral-snake, or *la dama blanca*, of Central America. Yet it is very rarely seen in collections, because of its excessive timidity and quickness, which enable it to fly away like lightning on the first disturbance or noise. It is a very pretty-looking snake, and very docile in captivity; yet the bite of this creature is always followed by an apparently painless death within half an hour, and generally in a few minutes.

Let us pass now to the deadly snakes of America. We need not dwell long upon the copperheads of the Middle States, or black water-vipers of the Mississippi; both kinds are very common and abundant enough, the latter especially, and most unpleasantly so. Indian tradition and the experience of planters and negroes have shown but too clearly that there is no remedy for the bite of either, though the action of their poison is slow and very painful. It is in the districts of Central America that we must look for the swiftest death-dealers. Foremost among them is the coral-snake. It is not a large snake, being only about four feet long, with a thick, blunt, stumpy tail; but its colors, its rich, iridescent markings of coral and pearl scales, that actually seem to glow and sparkle, make it the most beautiful of reptiles. The East India diamond-snake is nothing to it. Unfortunately the coral-snake abounds in Central America, and, more unfortunately also, it is one of the slowest reptiles of its kind. It can scarcely wriggle. Believers in spasmodical providences maintain that Nature has thus deprived it of the power of quick motion in order to restrain the exercise of its terrible poison. If so, Nature made a great mistake; for it is a fact that more fatalities are recorded from bites of coral-snakes in Central America than from the bites of all the other snakes put together. The truth is, that the other deadly reptiles, the tuboba or *la dama blanca*, can and do fly at the first noise of coming footsteps; the coral-snake *literally cannot*. He hears the footsteps coming, but finds it impossible to get out of their way; he can neither rattle nor hiss, to warn away the approaching victim; and unless the latter can see the glowing colors of the reptile in the grass, he is a dead man in a few minutes if his step strays within three or four feet of a coral-snake. All the premonitory symptoms of dissolution set in almost instantly after the bite, and death always takes place within half an hour. The great danger of the coral-snake is that it haunts the neighborhood of out-houses, and is much abroad at night, when of course its vivid markings cannot be seen. The effect of the poison of this snake is almost at once to solidify the blood; whereas the effect of the cobra's bite is to liquify it. For instance, a rabbit bitten by a coral-snake would, if its head were cut off a few minutes after, be found with a solid purple stuff in its veins something like dark currant jelly; if a rabbit were bitten by a cobra, and its head cut off an hour or so after death, the blood would be found to be entirely decomposed into a light, thin, straw-colored fluid. It is evident that the action of the poisons of these two dreadful reptiles is essentially different on the human and animal frames; yet cobras and coral-snakes have been kept together, and have indulged their natural propensities by biting each other most freely, and I am told, on good authority, without the least sign of ill-effect to either. The coral-snake is greatly dreaded in Central America, and the deaths it causes in those regions are probably equal in number to the deaths caused by the cobras in India, and which, as far as can be estimated in such a country, are supposed to amount to several hundreds in a year. I only personally know the particulars in one case of death from the bite of a coral-snake, and this occurred in Southern Demerara. The victim was a M. Flament, a wealthy planter. His wife had been dangerously ill, and been visited daily by two physicians. While out late in the afternoon, strolling with his little daughter near the house, he was told by a servant that the doctors had come. He immediately hurried home by the shortest way, crossing a wide patch of grass. When nearly through this, and close to his own door, he was bitten by a small coral-snake, on which he trod while the reptile was vainly attempting to wriggle away. He rushed into his house, where the physicians were, and with trembling lips—for he knew his danger—told them hastily what had befallen him. Yet, though he had the benefit of their best advice and assistance within a minute after he was bitten, nothing served to check the fatal action of the poison, and he died in three-quarters of an hour. The shock of this terrible calamity was fatal also to Madame Flament, who died the following evening.

Another deadly snake, which also abounds in Central America, is called by the natives the tuboba. It is a dark-brown reptile, about seven feet long, and though intensely venomous, does comparatively little mischief; for it is both as quick and as timid as a hare, and is off like an arrow at the least disturbance. Its poison, though inevitably fatal, is slow and most painful in its action, death rarely ensuing in less than six or seven hours after the bite. In this, and indeed all other respects, even to a similarity of name, it closely resembles the daboia of India. Both, though numerous enough in their respective countries, are very rare in collections; for their excessive timidity and rapidity make it most difficult to take them alive, to say nothing of the extreme danger which must always accompany such an intended capture. One of the rarest and most quickly deadly of all known reptiles is occasionally seen in the wildest parts of the rivers of Central America; it is called *la dama blanca*—the white lady. It is quite without markings, of a dull cream-color, and about six or seven feet long. The Indians relate most terrible tales as to the extraordinary rapidity with which this snake kills. Fortunately it is very scarce, and mostly haunts the banks of wild rivers, passing nearly all its time in the water, gliding along with its head raised a few inches above the stream. On the first alarm, it dives or makes for the reedy banks, with which the shores of all these rivers are fringed, and once among these, it is instantly safe from detection or pursuit. I do not know of any instance of one having been brought alive to Europe, though museums have several specimens preserved in spirits. Of the snakes of India, the most fearfully deadly are undoubtedly the cobra, the diamond-snake, the daboia, and the snake-eater. Unfortunately, the Eastern empire possesses a host of snakes, which, though not quite deadly, are still most dangerously venomous; but the four I have named are fatal, and no remedy or even palliative is known for the effect of their bites. The best known of these, because infinitely the most numerous, as well perhaps as the most quickly fatal, is of course the cobra This reptile abounds in most parts of India, and, like the coral-snake, it rather prefers than otherwise the vicinity of houses, and likes to make its retreat amid gardens, garden walls, and old outbuildings. Though quick in its movements, it is a bold, vicious reptile, and one which, if it thinks its neighborhood is wantonly intruded on, will rise and wait for the unhappy trespasser, and strike at once. This makes its great danger, though at the same time any one on his guard can see the snake as soon as it rises; and when seen, it is very easily killed. It is only the number of these reptiles, and the certainty of the result of their bite, which makes them in some districts almost a scourge in India. In the brushwood and light jungle round the caves of Elephanta they swarm.

I know nothing in nature which gives me such an idea of terrible and fiendish power as the aspect of a cobra when thoroughly enraged. With its little head bent down between the spread of its broad, livid-looking hood; with its keen, small, black eyes, that actually shine with ferocity; with its body, raised about two feet, lightly swaying backwards and forwards in act to spring, it is about the most dread-looking symbol of deadly power that exists on the earth. It is no wonder that the Egyptians adopted it, and carved it round the effigies of their shepherd kings, in mute but telling significance that in the hands of kings lay the power of life or death. I have seen wounded leopards, I have seen savage tigers and lions, and these, as a rule, are bad enough; but, in truth, they are tame and spiritless in comparison to the concentrated noiseless anger of a cobra you have provoked, which shows in every soft wave of its detestable hood a knowledge of the tremendous power it possesses, and which you see it is on the alert to use without mercy. Compared with this silent grim reptile, motionless, but ready with its hood spread and head bent, always on the watch, the mere roaring of lions and tigers becomes as insignificant as the bellowing of bulls. The idea of sudden or violent death is always more or less associated in our minds with noise, struggling, or tumult. It appears, thefore, something awful and supernatural to see a cobra glide without a sound across his cage, and with a touch apparently light as a feather inflict inevitable and almost instant death on whatever animal is put near it. Rattlesnakes will only kill when they are hungry or irritated; but both the Indian and Egyptian cobras will kill everything that comes near them, whether they are hungry or irritated or not. Dr. Fayrer, in India, has tried a most interesting series of experiments with the cobra, in the hope of discovering some antidote to its poison, but as yet without the faintest prospect of success; indeed, I am told that this eminent physician now almost quite despairs of attaining any. The experiments have been made with all kinds of animals. A horse bitten by a cobra died in one hour and fifteen minutes; and it was found that the blood of a sheep which had been killed in half an hour by a cobra, when injected into a healthy sheep, carried enough poison with it to cause death, though not in so short a time. In these cases, it may be said that there was little power of giving what are supposed to be antidotes to the animals, and this is to a certain extent true; but in the case of a keeper bitten by a cobra at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, nearly twenty years ago, the unfortunate victim had all the resources of University-College Hospital, with the most skilled assistance in London to minister to him, yet the man's life could not be prolonged an hour.

A case in London, on this subject, is peculiar. Two keepers had been out to take leave of a friend who was going to Australia, and had passed the night on "the spree." They came back to their duties at the gardens at about seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, both of them far from sober. One of the two men dared the other to take out the snakes, which were lying coiled up half torpid beneath their rugs, as they usually are in cold weather. Terrible and deadly as such a challenge seemed, both men entered into its spirit of defiance, undid the cages, and took snake after snake out, laid them on the floor of the reptile-house, and then put them back again. It may seem incredible, but it is the fact that the whole collection was thus treated. The diamond-snake, the Morocco snake, the water-vipers, the puff-adders, the whip-snake, and the rattlesnake were all so handled. Only one more snake remained to be meddled with, and this was a large Indian cobra. The keeper took it out, and the reptile seemed quiet, as any one conversant with the habits of snakes would know it would be on a cold winter's morning. After being handled a few seconds, however, it thoroughly awoke with signs of anger, and spread its hood. The man called to his companion, "God have mercy on me, Bill! it's going to bite!" As the words passed his lips, the snake struck him in the nose, and was thrown by the foolish victim on to the floor of the house. He ran with his companion towards the gate, but before he could reach the entrance he had to be helped along. He was put into a cab, and driven at once to University-College Hospital, where, in spite of every effort, he died within an hour after his admission, and within an hour and a half after the bite. This case excited intense interest among surgeons and physicians at the time; for the body of the fool-hardy man showed no signs whatever of *rigor mortis*, or stiffness after death, nor did the most careful *post-mortem* examination detect anything but decomposition of the blood, which had reduced it to a thin straw-colored fluid.

Experiments which have been made with the daboia snake show it to be, as I have said, almost a prototype of the Central American tuboba. Dr. Fayrer made one of these reptiles bite a horse, which, though in great agony, survived the injury eleven hours. It may seem, at the first glance, that these experiments are cruel; but, in truth, they are solely and wholly conducted with an earnest effort to endeavor to discover some antidote which will render human beings safe against the injuries which these terrible snakes are inflicting almost every day in India and all tropical climates. It is said that a cure for the bite of the diamond-snake has been discovered. I can only say I very much doubt it; and even if it were true, it would not, as a discovery, be of great importance, for the diamond-snake is rare and excessively timid, and so does but little mischief. The discovery of an antidote here would only be of relative value in so far as it should afford some clue to deal with others before the mortal effects of whose poison science stands helpless. Of this great result we have yet no prospect. These *deadly* snakes were deadly before the Pyramids were built, before the caves of Elephanta were carved, before Confucius preached among the hills of Northern China; and I feel no confidence whatever that, as long as these reptiles exist, and as long as men and animals remain to be bitten by them, they will not prove deadly to the end of time.

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, July 29, 1869.

Dear Post:—We travel next day through the land of the Mormons. We pass repeated groups of their low, wretched dwellings, many of them of mud, some simply huts formed of willow branches, yet everywhere we must be astonished at the industry which has positively forced vegetation from soil where to a casual observer it would seem hopeless to make the attempt. We saw many of the people, chiefly men, however, for they seem to keep their women out of sight, though occasionally we did see two or more women with their babies in their arms standing at the door of one hut. Peaceable enough they looked, and yet I am told that the women generally, however devout they may be in the Mormon belief, prefer in their own individual cases that their husbands should have but one wife.

Near Castle Rock gigantic heaps of rocks remind one of some ancient Egyptian temples—distinct as though fashioned by human rule are the arched doorways, columns and pillars. Here we see a sphynx of monstrous proportions hewn of rock, there groups of tall, stately statuary. In one spot is reared up a commanding pulpit, such as might have served for the primitive church of the forest—if one could choose to speak of the forest amid these barren heights. Grandeur, heightened to awful sublimity, overpowers one in the region of the Echo and Weber Canons. Through the midst of the former, which is about twenty miles in length and dwindles in width from 500 or 600 yards, to as many feet, trickles the graceful Echo Creek, with its fringe of willows; through the latter Weber river, with its peaceful valley, both shut in by a wall of rocks that soar upwards to ever more and more giddy heights. Through the Devil's Gate the lovely waters of the Weber gush with mad fury, and a wild, demoniac looking pass it seems as we dash by.

We are now in the Great Basin, where the soil is so saturated with alkali as to poison not only the rare streams or springs, but the very air we breathe, where the everlasting Sage Bush, of which we have already seen so much, seems even too rich a growth for this desert waste. The view as we approach Salt Lake, with its wide stretch of blue waters, coasted with immense salt plains, dazzling in their whiteness, lofty mountains, isolated *buttes* rising abruptly from the plains, encompassing it in on every side, is exquisite in its loneliness. The peculiarity of the entire vicinity of this great lake, whose waters are too salt to harbor fish or any living thing, excites my fancy, and is suggestive of many themes to be worked out at some future day. For after all the great charm of travelling lies in the effect produced upon the imagination and the heart by what we appropriate through the medium of the external sight. One glimpse of a glorious work of nature can furnish abundant food for after reflection. So I find it.

With the Promontory point where a strip of curious shaped rock juts out into the lake, we also approach the terminus of the "Union Pacific Railroad." At Promontory we change cars for the "Central Pacific." This there was some delay in doing—for some reason, I don't know what, we had to wait in the scorching heat of Promontory station three hours. Promontory is a town of tents—we had our dinner in a tent, and in a tent we waited for the train. In fact, it was a matter of no little interest to me upon the entire journey from Omaha to note the characteristics of the new towns which have followed the strides of the iron horse from civilization out through the wilderness—to observe how gradual was the change from painted frame houses to log cabins, and finally whole towns of tent houses, and how these gradually improved again as we got into California. It seems to me I must now have seen every possible habitation man can occupy, even to wretched mud hovels burrowed into the side of a hill. The stations where we stopped for our meals were first frame buildings, then tents, then frame again, and I must here observe that at every one of them we got quite as good meals as we usually get at the best railway stations throughout our Eastern states. We found abundance everywhere, and the cars stopped long enough to afford passengers ample time to eat.

Morning of the following day finds us in the Humboldt regions, and our first interest of the day is centered in the exquisite sunrise casting a many-hued radiance upon the sharp peaks and fascinating forms of the Humboldt Mountains. Soon we come upon the Humboldt Wells, then upon the river of the same name, that singular stream which rises up in the desert none know how, unless it be from the same subterranean source from whence the wells spring, and after winding its way through the desert some 300 to 500 miles, disappears mysteriously as it came, weary of the vain effort to find an outlet above ground.

All that day we were parched with the heat, suffocated with the dust as we sped onwards through this Great Basin, and yet our interest in the strangeness of the scene never flagged. We strained our eyes to take in every peculiarity of every volcanic upheaval, lava slide or curious rocky formation. The sunset this day, too, was charming, the night cool, pleasant—and these nights of our journey were moonlight. At midnight, near the sink of the Humboldt, I believe, our train was brought to a standstill. It took long for those of us who had been aroused from sleep to discover what was the matter. Then we learned that a waterspout—a phenomenon very prevalent in these regions—had torn away several rods of our road, and the engineer had discovered the fact but just in time to prevent accident. They sent on to the next station for Chinamen and materials, and in three hours the embankment was reformed, the rails laid, and we were on our way again. Before leaving home I have often heard it surmised as to what means there would be of relief in case of similar accidents, but both companies, "Union" and "Central Pacific," seem to have provided against every emergency.

These Chinamen are a great institution, they are employed extensively along the road, and seem to make industrious and efficient workmen. We passed entire Chinese settlements at different places upon the road. I saw many of them, but very few of the Indians of whom I was told before leaving home I should see so many. I did see a few straggling Indians here and there, but they looked neither dangerous nor warlike. I have seen quite a number of the Indians of the Digger tribes since I reached this place, but they shall figure in my letter concerning Grass Valley.

Our road leads us now through the most romantic of valleys, that of the Truckee river—the Truckee meadow it is called—shut in by the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas. Timber becomes plentiful once more, willow, cottonwood, etc.; neat farm-houses appear, with cultivated fields and pretty garden patches. Then we begin the ascent of the mountains of the Pacific slope, an ascent requiring even more skillfull engineering I am told than that of the Rocky Mountains. How shall I describe the lovely Sierras, with their rich pine forests, whose trees seem fairly running a race in scaling the giddy heights? This time, I believe, I shall not attempt a description, for I hope soon to visit some of the mountain lakes, where I can enjoy the scenery undisturbed by snow-shed or tunnel. These did fret me awfully, many times cutting short the most glorious views. I ought not to complain, with all the beauties I did see, at losing some, but my delightful remembrance of the Sierra Nevada mountains makes me regretful for what I lost, greedy for more. I had a perfect view of Donner Lake, I must mention, and of the rise of the American river, and its flow through the wildest mountain gorges one can dream of.

At Colfax station we left the train, and a ride of ten miles in a carriage over a steep mountain road brought us here to Grass Valley, right in the heart of the richest mining district in the state. My letter is already long, so I shall take another opportunity to write of this place, and all the new, strange, interesting things I see here.

AUBER FORESTIER.

Where the West Is.

Chicago is no longer a western, but is an eastern city. It is only 900 miles to the Atlantic coast, while it is 2,350 miles to the Pacific coast. Dividing the Union into east, centre and west, each division is about 1,000 miles wide. The eastern division will embrace all the states lying east of the Mississippi river; the centre, all the states and territories between the Mississippi and Rocky Mountains; and the western, all the states and territories between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. Somewhat the largest of these three great divisions is the central. And, astonishing as it may appear to those who have not examined the map carefully, the territory lying west of the Rocky Mountains contains as many square miles as the territory east of the Mississippi River, notwithstanding this comprises eleven Southern, all of the so-called "Eastern" and "Central" states, and all of the old "Northwest." The completion of the Pacific Railway has changed the former west into east and central, and moved the west 1,200 miles toward the setting sun. The actual west consists of California, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Montana, Wyoming, and the major portion of Colorado and New Mexico. It is hard to realize the truth that Chicago is an eastern city, and that Illinois is not even a central, but an eastern state. Omaha, which has always been regarded as on the western verge of the "Far West," is in fact 150 miles east of the centre of the Union. We are not surprised, therefore, that the citizens of that enterprising little place resent the imputations of being in the Far West. In short, this is a tolerably long country, from east to west, and when the Dominion is "absorbed," the distance will be equally as great from north to south.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Suez Canal.

The seventeenth day of next November will be a great day. Then the Suez Canal will be formally opened for commercial purposes, and the people of Europe, Asia and Africa brought into more direct communication with each other than they have ever been. The isthmus through which this canal is cut is about seventy-two English miles in breadth, and the surface is for the most part barren, being fertilized merely by the inundations of the Nile. Traces are found on the isthmus of a canal built in ages long past. An extraordinary fact has been noticed since active operations commenced on the Suez Canal. On the desert, where a drop of rain was never known to fall, and where hundreds of travellers formerly perished, with their beasts of burden, for want of water, now frequent showers are experienced. Lately heavy fogs have prevailed, which are reported nearly as dense as those that visit Paris during the winter months. These changes are attributed to the number of trees that have been planted along the line of the fresh water canal, which undoubtedly attract the moisture. Pleasant villages have sprung up at the various stations, and the houses are in many cases surrounded by shrubs and flowers.

The English Telegraph Lines.

Under the new arrangement, by which the British government takes possession of all the telegraph lines in the United Kingdom, it is proposed to extend communication to the suburbs of all the large towns, to all the second-rate towns having railway stations, and to places in which at present there are neither telegraph nor railway stations. There will be 3,376 places instead of 1,883 now served by telegraphs and railways, and 842 instead of 247 branch offices, as at present. There is now one telegraph office to every 13,000 population, while the government will have one for every 6,000 people. Letter-boxes and pillar-boxes will also be placed in convenient locations. The tariff is to be one shilling to any part of the kingdom for twenty words. The amount paid to the companies is over $28,500,000, but the increased facilities will bring the whole cost up to $33,500,000, which is expected to yield a revenue of $3,500,000, on an expenditure of $2,000,000—a net profit of $1,500,000, which will pay the interest on the purchase money, leaving a surplus of $250,000. The government, in the estimates, have calculated the life of a cable at fifteen years, and provided for replacing all the cables at the end of that time.

☞ WILD OATS.—A crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five. The harvest sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a large trunk filled with small phials and patent medicines.

Underground:

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The Muskegon (Michigan) Enterprise relates the following singular adventure:—

When we were publishing a paper in Lewisburg, Western Virginia, several years ago, a very singular accident befell a young man there, which we narrated briefly at the time. A few days ago we chanced to meet him here in Muskegon, and he re-narrated his adventure at our request. It occurred on the farm of Gen. A. W. G. Davis, in Greenbrier County, 1856. We give his story in his own words, as near as we can recollect them:—

"I was ploughing on Gen. Davis's farm, in 1856," said he, "unsuspicious of being on insecure ground, when suddenly the earth seemed to fall beneath me. I saw the horses descending, but was too frightened to let go the plough-handles. The pitch of the horses with the earth gave my fall an impetus, and somehow I caught the mane of one of them in my fall, and so held on instinctively. What I thought when falling I can hardly tell. At any rate, I did some rapid thinking. When I landed, I fell on the horse whose mane I had hold of, and although the horse was instantly killed, I was merely stunned and confused.

"On recovering myself, I looked up, and the hole through which I had fallen looked so small that I concluded I must have fallen full one hundred and fifty feet. My first thought was to cry for aid, but I instantly recalled the fact that I was at least a mile from Gen. Davis's house, and that there was not the remotest probability that any one had seen my descent into the earth. It was then early morning, and as I had brought out my dinner with me, no one would miss me before nightfall. While going over these facts in my own mind, I heard the rush of waters near at hand, and it occurred to me that I must have fallen upon the bed of Sinking Creek, which, as you know, falls into the earth above Frankfort, and does not come out but once till it reaches the bank of the Greenbrier River.

"To stay where I was, or attempt to follow the subterranean passage, was the next question. I sometimes took the team to my own tenant stable, and therefore might not be missed for days, so I determined to follow the underground stream. I waded into it, and, judging from its depth of from one to three feet, I concluded it must be the identical Sinking Creek spoken of. Leaving my dead companions behind me, I followed the stream. For the most part I had pretty easy work of it, but sometimes I came to a deep place, where I was forced to swim for a considerable distance; sometimes I ran against jagged rocks; and then again was often precipitated headlong into deep water by the precipitous nature of the rocky bed of the stream. Talk about the darkness of the grave! A grave itself could not have been more impalpably dark than the passage I was following. The occasional rippling of the water was an inexpressibly dear sound to my ears.

"Day and night were the same to me. At last, wearied with my efforts, I laid down on a comparatively dry rock to rest, and must have slept for hours. When I awoke, I again took to the water, carefully ascertaining which way it ran, so as not to lose my labor by retracing my steps. It seemed to me that the farther I went the more difficult progress became. When I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to a place where the archway above narrowed so much that I had to crawl on my hands and knees in the water, and crouching, my face at last touched the water. Here was a dilemma I had not looked for. I tried either bank of the river, but found no passage. I could swim under water for a considerable distance, but the distance before me was unknown, and I halted long before making the dangerous venture. At last I concluded that my fate was equally doubtful in returning as in proceeding, so I plunged boldly into the swift current, and soon found that it was so swift in its confined passage that I only needed to hold my breath to go through. In the course of twenty or thirty feet I again got my head above water, and took a long breathing-spell. Again the archway above seemed to enlarge, and the bed of the stream to become more even. I sped along comparatively rapidly, keeping my hands outstretched to prevent my running against jagged rocks.

"Wearied out, I again laid down and slept soundly in my wet clothes. On awaking I pursued my course down the subterranean stream, and at last, in the long distance ahead, saw a glimmer that looked very bright in the darkness I was then pent in. Nearing this, I found that it did not increase in brightness; and when I had gone perhaps a mile, I came to another place where my path narrowed to the very tunnel filled by the water. My case was now become more desperate. I could not possibly retrace my steps, so I submitted myself to the current, and was immeasurably overjoyed to find myself rapidly swept into daylight. Exhausted and half-drowned, I crept out upon the land, and was not long in recognizing the objects about me. I had come out into the Greenbrier River, as I knew from the familiar look of Gen. Davis's mill on the bank.

"On reaching home I found that I had been over forty-eight hours in making my perilous journey of six miles underground."

The hole where this man went through is now fenced round. On listening one can plainly hear the rush of water below, and a stone thrown down will sometimes be heard to splash in the stream.

Sectarianism.

Of sectarianism, Dr. McLeod remarks:—"The man I call sectarian is the man who is not contented with the blessings of number one in the street, but who is always throwing stones or mud at number two; who is not content with his own wife and family, but who talks and gossips about another man's family. Give me the man who has honest, earnest conviction about his own church, and I extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Love your church and do all you can for it; but try and imagine, at the same time, that other men are as conscientious as you are, and give them the right hand of fellowship when they do all they can for their church."

☞ The Countess of Jersey lately gave a breakfast at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

☞ A depth of two hundred and seventy feet has been sounded in Lake Winnipiseogee.

☞ An express train in England is announced to run at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ A recent railway accident in England was caused by the color blindness of the engineer, who could not tell the red from the green light.

☞ George Peabody has donated to the Trustees of the Washington College, of which General Lee is President, $60,000 to establish an additional professorship proposed by General Lee.

☞ "Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to yer reverence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been quiet. About 9000 bbls sold at at $5@5,50 for superfine; $6@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7,75 for North-West extra family, the latter rate for choice; $6,25@7,50 for Pennsylvania extra family; $7@8,25 for fresh ground Ohio family, the latter rate for choice, and $8,50@10 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales at $6,37½ ℔ bbl

GRAIN—Wheat has been in good demand. Sales 20,000 bus of Pennsylvania red at $1,56@1,65; 15,000 bus of Western red at $1,37@1,66; 30,000 bus of Delaware and Maryland red at $1,69@1,70, and 4,000 bus of white at $1,70@1,75 ℔ bus, as to quality Rye—1000 bus of old Western sold at $1,25, and small lots of new Southern at $1,05@1,10 ℔ bus. Corn—25,000 bus of yellow Corn sold at $1,17@1,20; 40,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,12@1,20 for low and high mixed, and 4000 bus of white at $1,15@1,18 ℔ bus. Oats—12,000 bus of old Western sold at 62@72c and 45,000 bus of new Pennsylvania and Southern at 55@62c ℔ bus, closing at 57@60 for new Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 200 bbls mess Pork at $22,75@24, and prime mess at $21 ℔ bbl. Sales city packed mess Beef at $23. Beef Hams are held at $32,50@33,50. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 19½@22½c; Excelsior Hams at 22c, sides at 19½@20½c, and shoulders at 16@18½c. Green Meats—Sales of 400 tcs pickled hams at 18½@19c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs at 20½@24c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 21½c. Butter—Sales of yellow in tubs at 20@26c, and poor solid packed at 15@16c. Eggs sell at 19@21c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales at 34@34½c for middling Upland and 34½@35c for Gulf.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is abundant and rules low. Peaches sell at 20c@$1 ℔ basket, and green Apples at $1,50@2 ℔ bbl.

HAY—Sales of Prime Timothy Hay, new ℔ 100 lbs, $1,25@1,30; mixed $1,10@1,15; Straw $1,05@1,10.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 7@11c, according to quality.

SEEDS—We quote Clover at $8@9; 500 bus Timothy at $4,25@4,50, and 600 bus Flaxseed at $2,55.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 9@9¼ cts ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ℔ head. Sheep—11,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@6c ℔ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,75 ℔ 100 lbs.

Choirs are Delighted with It.

THE

CHORAL TRIBUTE.

By L. O. Emerson, author of "Harp of Judah," "Jubilate," &c. Universally pronounced to be the best book of church music issued during the last ten years, and greatly excelling the author's previous works. Price $1.50. $13.50 per dozen. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES, and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the Spiciest, most Thrilling, Instructive, and Cheapest work published.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. One in Marlborough, Mass., reports 36 subscribers in a day. One in Luzerne Co., Pa., 44 in a day. One in Meriden, Ct., 68 in two days, and a great many others from 100 to 200 per week. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. *Published in both English and German.*
aug14-3m

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Lectures commence Oct. 4th, 1869. Thirty students taken at $20. No other expenses. For particulars, address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., 514 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. jy31-3m

BRAINERD INSTITUTE, Cranberry, New Jersey, Rev. Elias S. Schenck, A. M., Principal. A Military Boarding School of the best class. Prepares young gentlemen of 10 to 15 for college or business. Kind and faithful teachers. Gymnasium and equipments complete. Terms moderate. Send for a circular. jy24-8t

BELLEVUE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, Attleboro, Bucks county, Pa. Beautifully located, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. Prominent as a pleasant home and for thorough teaching. For particulars, address W. T. SEAL, A. M., Principal. aug21-4t

FARM FOR SALE.—An improved farm of 120 acres situated in Ellendale, Sussex Co., Del., will be sold cheap, and on easy terms. Good buildings, and orchards, &c. For particulars, address J. W. HASKINS, Ellendale, Del. aug28-3t

$15 ACTUALLY SENT YOU IN ADVANCE.—Agents wanted immediately everywhere to introduce the most popular and modern improved, low-priced Sewing Machine in use. Address GRANT BROTHERS & CO., Manufacturers, 482 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. aug21-4t

JUST THE THING.—Indispensable in every family. Samples sent for 25 cents. Address G. G. MILLER, Luzerne, New York. aug28-4t

LOOK, LOOK.—My French Compound will force the beard to grow, thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address JAGGERS & BIRRELL, 1020 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo. au, 28-4t

PERSONAL.—I can furnish constant employment for leisure hours and evenings in a genteel, honorable and profitable business. From $1 to $3 per evening, and a proportionate profit to persons devoting their whole time to the business. Women and children can do it. I will send full particulars, with sample of business, by mail, for ten cents. Address F. C. BARKER, Salem, Mass. aug28 5t

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—MY ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow, thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address J. SQUIRES, Box 1042, Binghamton, New York. aug14-3t

SOAP TWO CENTS A POUND, and how to trap furred animals, either mailed for stamp. Address Box 94, Bethalto, Ills.

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway, New York City.

DR. SHERMAN'S Inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. jel9-1y

NEW

CRAYONS.

NEW

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

LATEST NOVELTY.

Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the undersigned,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "*Aux Deux Crayons*," and may be imparted to all sizes of portraiture from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.
ap17-7t

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A Paper for all Children.

MONTHLY 25 CENTS A YEAR.

As Pretty as Ever Left the Printer's Hands.

The Cheapest Ever Published.

MOTTO—"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, think on these things." By filling its pages with beautiful pictures and music, choice original stories, poems, sketches, dialogues, declamations and facts worth knowing, all of a character appropriate to its name and motto, we hope to make a paper that will be welcomed into more homes, will cheer more young hearts, and instruct more young minds than any paper ever yet published for young people. Send for it, or 3 cents for specimen. ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers, aug21-4t Chicago, Ills.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Sights and Secrets

OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work descriptive of Washington City; its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villainies and corruptions, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blacked-mailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby members, lady clerks, &c. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

☞ Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., ap17-6m 411 Broome St., New York.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs," says Macbeth. Much of it might be so disposed of with advantage to mankind, but it would be hard upon the dogs. The "sweet oblivious antidote" which Macbeth asked for in vain, is however vouchsafed to the dyspeptic and bilious in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It regulates, purifies and invigorates the system; is a positive specific for indigestion and constipation; promotes perspiration and reduces fever.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PARLOR STEAM ENGINE:

Made entirely of Metal; Boiler and Furnace complete; will work for hours if supplied with water, &c.; free from danger; a child can work it. Sent free with instructions for $1.00; three for $2.50. WALTER HOLT, jy 10-3m 102 Nassau Street, New York.

CANCER

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address, DRS. BABCOCK & SON, mar27-6m 700 Broadway, New York.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE sold in the United States for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. *Outfit Free.* Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. aug21-3m

$100 A MONTH SALARY PAID FOR agents, male and female; business new, pleasant and permanent. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamp, C. L. Van Allen & Co., 171 Broadway, New York. ☞ Also sample of another article, which retails at $3.50, sent for 50 cts. my20-13t

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug21-1y

FREE! FREE! FREE!—250 Photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women mailed for 25 cents, or sample of 50 for two stamps. Address ELB. THORNTON, mar20-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

PALMER

PATENTS. BEST IN USE. 1856

PRINCIPAL OFFICE
1609 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A. A. Limb Co.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct20-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD,"

COMPRISING

Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonderful Events, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all People.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS

By the most distinguished Artists in Europe and America.

The largest, best illustrated, most exciting, amusing, instructive, entertaining, startling, humorous, and attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars with terms at once. Address UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, jy8-3m 139 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers, An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
feb13-1y

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, je27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—$75 TO $300 per month sure, and no risk. We want to engage a good agent in every county in the U. S. and Canadas to sell our *Everlasting Patent White Wire Clothes Lines.* Warranted to last a lifetime and never rust. For full particulars to agents, address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. jy31-eow4t

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VOE, Empress Manufacturing Co., 746 Broadway, New York city. jy17-4teow

Agents! Read This!

We will Pay Agents a Salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. my29-3m

WHISKEY, 10 cents a gallon; Instructions 25 cents. Address Box 14, Port Deposit, Md. jy2-3m

AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER, of established reputation, a College graduate, desires a situation as Principal of some first-class Academy or High School. Address, with terms and particulars, PROF., Box 243, Vineland, N. J.

SPRINGSIDE SCHOOL FOR BOYS, Pittsfield, Mass.—*Next term begins Sept.* 15. Send for new circular to Prof. W. C. RICHARDS, Principal.

GOLD INK.

Violet and Fancy Colored Inks. Over one dozen of the most brilliant and delicate shades. These Inks flow freely from the pen and are unequalled for private correspondence. They can be used as paint, with a brush, and for **Coloring Photographs or Pictures** are unrivalled—Sent free for 50 cents. Great inducements to agents. Send stamp for circular. ROBERTS & CO., P. O. Box 3986, New York.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Every one who is interested in the great questions and startling phenomena of the day—the Revolutions in Spain, France and other parts of Europe; the advance of Republicanism; the crumbling of monarchy; the solution of the Cuban question, &c., should have this little book in hand, as it treats of the subjects at issue to-day in a masterly and interesting style. Send 50 cents and two 2 cent stamps for a copy to the Publisher, E. B. EATON, M. D., 658 Broadway, corner of Bond, New York.

THE ESTEY COTTAGE ORGAN is the best and cheapest. Contains the latest improvements *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante*. J. ESTEY & Co., Sole Manufacturers, Brattleboro, Vt.

IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS!

☞ ALL SUFFERERS ☜

From Pulmonary Diseases, Nervous Debility, Female Weaknesses, or Chronic Disorders of any nature, and all whose Vital Forces are depressed, rendering necessary a

NERVOUS TONIC AND INVIGORATOR

Are earnestly recommended to use

WINCHESTER'S

HYPOPHOSPHITES

The Specific Remedy for

CONSUMPTION,

Nervous and General Debility, Bronchitis, Asthma, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Wasting, Scrofula, Loss of Strength, Flesh and Appetite, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Impurities of the Blood, Female Complaints, Chronic Diarrhœa, Maladies of Children, &c.

For sale by druggists and dealers in every city, town, and village throughout the United States and Canadas. Prices:—$1 and $2 per bottle. Three *large*, or six *small*, $5.

Circulars, information and advice free.
J. WINCHESTER & CO., Proprietors,
36 John St., New York.

GRAND INVESTMENT.

GLOBE

GOLD and SILVER Mining Company.

Located at Monitor, Alpine county, California. ☞ Parties having $25 to $5,000 to invest in the SAFEST AND BEST MINING ENTERPRISE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, are desired to write *immediately* for circulars and terms of subscription, to J. WINCHESTER, Pres't, 36 John St., New York.

$3 a Day for all. Address A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT *that pays.* For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

$100 PER DAY DISCONTINUED.

Having obtained an extensive and wide spread sale for our "CENTURY" brand of *Fine-Cut Chewing Tobacco*, we desire to announce that we *shall not* pack daily $100 in the small tin foil papers after this date, July 1st, 1869, its merits being so favorably recognized that this inducement is no longer necessary. To avoid misapprehension, however, we would add that we shall continue to pack orders for elegant *Meerschaum Pipes* in our "YACHT CLUB" and "EUREKA" brands of *Smoking Tobacco*.

The "YACHT CLUB" is devoid to Nicotine, and cannot injure the health, and is especially recommended to people of sedentary occupations or nervous constitutions.

The trade are invited to send for circulars.
P. LORILLARD, New York.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents
40 Park Row, New York.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1867 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "Lists of 100 Local Newspapers." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c.,
No. 118 Water Street,
PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 3, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.:

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.

The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish. Respectfully,
LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

We believe there has never been an advertising contract given out in New York city for which the competition was so great as for the one which was awarded us in September last by P. H. Drake & Co. They had also made application to the publishers direct in all cases. Their letter states the result:

OFFICE OF P. H. DRAKE & Co., New York, Sept. 18, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, N. Y.:

Gents:—Having compared your figures with those furnished us by other advertising agencies and with the terms obtained from publishers direct, for the insertion of advertisements of Plantation Bitters and Magnolia Water, we find them satisfactory, and accept your contract as given in letter of this date.

Oblige us by causing the advertisements to appear without unnecessary delay. Your bills for the amount, $43,770 26, (Forty-three Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-six Dollars and Twenty-six Cents,) will be paid in accordance with the terms proposed. Yours, very respectfully,
P. H. DRAKE & CO.

SEND FOR OUR 24 PAGE CIRCULAR which contains: A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (*the best advertising mediums,*) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable information on the subject of advertising, free for 3 cent stamp. Address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents,
No. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

WIT AND HUMOR.

At Sea.

By some happy fortune I was not sea-sick. That was a thing to be proud of. I had not always escaped before. If there is one thing in the world that will make a man peculiarly and insufferably self-conceited, it is to have his stomach behave itself the first day at sea, when nearly all his comrades are sea-sick. Soon, a venerable fossil, shawled to the chin, and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said:

"Good morning, sir. It's a fine day."

He put his hand on his stomach and said, "*Oh*, my!" and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a sky-light.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said:

"Calm yourself, sir—there is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir."

He also put his hand on his stomach and said, "*Oh*, my!" and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support. I said:

"Good morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say—"

"*Oh*, my!"

I thought so. I anticipated *him*, anyhow. I stayed there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour, perhaps, and all I got out of any of them was "*Oh*, my!"

I went away, then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, this is a good pleasure excursion. I like it. The passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like those old people, but somehow they all seem to have the "Oh, my," rather bad.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were sea-sick. And I was glad of it. We all like to see people sea-sick when we are not, ourselves. Playing whist by the cabin lamps when it is storming outside is pleasant; walking the quarter-deck in the moonlight is pleasant; smoking in the breezy foretop is pleasant, when one is not afraid to go up there; but these are all feeble and common-place compared with the joy of seeing people suffering the miseries of sea-sickness.—*Mark Twain's Pilgrim's Progress.*

A Conscientious Man.

During the freshet on the Wabash, where the flat country on both sides of the river was inundated by the rising water, it became necessary for those in the way to escape to the mountains—the mounds that were probably made by the Indians for that purpose. A party of fugitives, on their way to a place of safety, overtook a man in a covered wagon, with a span of horses, standing still in the road, the water nearly up to the hubs of his wheels, and fast rising. He was sitting with a small book in one hand, and a whip in the other, reading a line loud, and then laying on the whip. They stopped a moment to listen, attracted by the man's curious conduct, and were surprised to hear him read:

"The wicked shall be turned into hell!"—(cut)—giving a frightful emphasis to the word. "Whoso believeth not shall be damned!"—(cut)—. "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?"—(cut); and many more of the same character, yelling the emphasized words at the top of his lungs.

Wondering at his conduct, the fugitives asked what he meant. "Why," said he, "I am a Methodist minister, and restrained from swearing; but these horses were bought in a region where they were accustomed to hear such language, and I am endeavoring to come as near as possible, conscientiously, in order to induce them to move, but I'm—"

Here he consulted his book, leaving his hearers to imagine what he sought to give emphasis to, his hopelessness of making them stir a peg.

A NEGRO philosopher, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a fine rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. "Oh! how berry fat! De fattest I eber did see! Let us see how me cook him! Me roast him. Me roast him! No, he so berry fat, he lose all de fat. Me fry him! Ah! he so berry fat, he fry himself! Golly, how fat he be. Den me stew him." The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast to the imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end of the matter, so summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit: "You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat, you not so berry fat, arter all!"

ABSENT.—A gentleman called to see a lady, and was told that she was out, although he saw the lady's head reflected in a mirror placed opposite to the open door. One hour after he met the lady at the house of a friend, and observed: "I called at your house just now, but did not have the pleasure of seeing you." "I am very sorry, but I had to go out in great haste," was the reply. "In such great haste, madam, that I suppose you left your head behind you, as I saw it in the glass." "It is very possible, for I am so absent."

A CONSTITUTIONAL JUDGE.—A Western Justice ordered a witness to "come up and be sworn." He was informed that the person was deaf and dumb.

"I don't care," said the Judge, passionately, "whether he is or not. Here is the Constitution of the United States before me. It guarantees to every man the right of speech; and so long as I have the honor of a seat on this bench it shall not be violated or invaded. What the Constitution guarantees to a man I'm bound he shall have."

A SPELL.—Two friends taking a walk on a turnpike leading out from Baltimore, were passing a mile-stone inscribed 2 M. to B. "Poor B———," said one of them, "a queer place for a grave, and a mean sort of a stone to mark it." "Why, it's a mile-stone, man!" said the other, innocently. "Is it, indeed? If '2 M.' don't spell *tomb*, I should like to know what it does spell!"

A BILL VETOED.—A fond father the other day wishing to form an alliance between his stupid son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her mother with the following note:—"Dear madam: Allow me to present my Bill for your acceptance." The lady sent the spooney back to his father with the following reply:—"Dear sir: Your Bill is vetoed."

A CLOSE SHAVE.

BARBER.—"No! Can't shave yer!"

ASHMAN.—"Why not? You've just been a-shavin' a street-sweeper."

BARBER.—"Oh, yes, that's all very well; but, yer know, one must draw a line somewhere!"

A Talk with the Girls about Housekeeping.

My dear girls will you listen to a little advice on housekeeping, even if it is given by an old woman? May be you don't have as many odd thoughts about such things as I had when a child. It seemed to me there was a great mystery about it, that a knowledge of it was gradually imparted to us as we grew older, without any effort on the part of the receiver; and, as my childish memory was so poor, I often wondered how it was that our dear mother should always keep a supply of bread just as we wanted it (and such good bread too!); how she could think to fill the cake jar that we emptied so often, besides making a great variety of preserves, and other good things that suited our appetites so well. It seemed to argue so much forethought and knowledge on her part that we often wondered how it would seem to be grown, keep house, and have so much to do, plan out, and think about. I have had to learn life's lessons step by step, and to wade through its cares and troubles. I advise you to learn as much as possible while you are still under a mother's eye, so that when you assume the care of a house, it may be with a perfect knowledge of all its requirements.

In these days of personal independence, it is so very difficult to get servants who are really *help*, that it is very important for the mistress of the house to know how all its work should be done. In nine cases out of ten, she must do it herself if she wants it properly done. These responsibilities fall with a crushing weight on an inexperienced head, while one who has been accustomed always to attend to such things regards them only in the light of pleasant duties. You will probably all be housekeepers if you live, and you must begin now, and see how the plain every-day work is done. It all seems very simple, while your mother, or may be Bridget, is doing it, but take hold and see how you can do it yourself. All the fine theories in the world will not perfect you without practice.

You will find that there are many things that you think you know all about, but when you try to do them, you will have to ask "dear mother." I think there is a two-fold blessing that attends our early efforts to learn, and help others. In the first place we lighten the burdens of a parent, perhaps overtasked, and, secondly, we acquire knowledge that will be a benefit in all after-life. One of the brightest memories of my early home is, that my beloved father (long since called to a heavenly rest), whenever he wanted a garment mended, used always to ask *me* to do it for him, although I was not an only daughter. And many times since, when I have had a great deal to do, I have thanked a dear mother for early teaching me.

So remember all the small things, as well as the large; mending is just as important as making; and good bread, good butter, and well cooked meats and vegetables, are more important than an extra fine dinner or a splendid supper on great occasions. I certainly wish you to have a good education, as regards book learning, yet I am desirous that you may also know all about housekeeping, so that you may understand how to do, in the *best* and *easiest* way, everything you may be called to do as a wife. If you profit by the few hints I have given, you will thank me at some future day, when your household knowledge will enable you to direct with ease a family who will rise up and call you blessed.—*American Agriculturist.*

Simplicity in English Dress.

In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours who sojourned, not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants are much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs; a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansion, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed; substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for forty years, and were expected to do service for another half century.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ What should a young man carry with him when calling upon his affianced? Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confectionery in his pockets.

PURE AIR.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

An adult needs about ten cubic feet of air as a regular supply for each minute of his existence, and the supply is so abundant that one may claim this amount; yet think of our public assemblies. To what extent do architects and builders have reference to ventilation in the construction of church edifices, halls, school houses, etc.?

A small church edifice, forty feet in length by twenty-five feet wide and fifteen high, will contain fifteen thousand cubic feet of air. An audience of about two hundred persons may be seated in such a room. On the supposition that no fresh air is supplied, that amount will last just seven and a half minutes. A larger edifice, eighty feet by fifty and twenty feet in height, will contain eighty thousand cubic feet of air. An audience of eight hundred persons can have pure air from the original supply for just ten minutes! It is a very easy matter to make similar calculations regarding larger houses and correspondingly larger audiences.

Our school-rooms are by no means what they should be in this respect. And let it be remembered that the occupants of such rooms are young, at a particularly impressible period when they have special need of all the invigoration at our command. While the bones of the chest are soft and pliable, while they may either become enlarged or contracted, it is a matter of vital importance that the conditions of health and vigor shall be made as favorable as possible.

The Highways of Life.

All grooves, social as well as mental, may be regarded as the macadamized roads of life. In travelling along them we must be content to miss variety and adventure, not go out of our way to look at picturesque scenery, and aim more at getting to our journey's end with despatch than at enjoying ourselves on the way. But without some such recognized highways it is difficult to see how the world could go on. To the majority of mankind, liberty to form opinions and establish modes of life for themselves would be an intolerable burden. They are no more equal to such a task than to find their way across an untravelled country by the sole aid of the pole star. So we find settled forms for our reception into life and departure from it, for courtship and marriage, even for amusements; and each part in the drama has to be played according to its own traditions, and in its appropriate stage costume. That immense groove, for instance, the "season," with its hackneyed routine of dinner parties and balls and "at homes," may not impress an outsider with much admiration; but in bringing certain classes of society together, and keeping the common standard of tone and manner up to the mark, its results are unquestionably beneficial. After all, we must be born, and make love, and marry, and entertain our friends, and at the last die *somehow*, and to have fashion settled beforehand is a great saving of time and energy. Nor is it difficult for a man of adequate calibre to sit sufficiently loose to all these observances to be able to resist their yoke, if they chance to become inconveniently oppressive, and easily and gracefully emancipate himself and "go the road of his own will."

Use Plain Words.

A clergyman, while composing a sermon, made use of the words "ostentatious man." Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself before he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of these words, and he adopted the following method of proof:—Ringing his bell, his footman appeared, and was addressed by his master. "What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?" "An ostentatious man?" said Thomas, "why, sir, I should say a perfect gentleman." "Very good," observed the vicar; "send Ellis, the coachman, here." "Ellis," said the vicar, "what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?" "An ostentatious man, sir," said Ellis; "why, I should say an ostentatious man meant, saving your presence, a very jolly fellow." It is hardly necessary to add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word.

AGRICULTURAL.

California Grapes.

Letters reach California from dealers in New York, making inquiries in regard to the best fruit growing counties, and the best fruit grown. The Bulletin replies to some of these questions, and says the first grapes make their appearance from the 1st to the 15th of July, selling from nine cents to three and four cents a pound, gold rates, at wholesale. These are early Sweetwaters; they last but a short time, and will hardly bear transportation. The Mission grape, sometimes called the California grape—long the most abundant and popular kind—appears in the market about the 1st of August, wholesaling at ten cents, indeed, it has sometimes retailed as low as three cents. The Mission grape bears packing well, and is found in the market as late as December. Of the choicest varieties from foreign cuttings, the Black Hamburg, Rose of Peru, and Muscat of Alexandria ripen earliest, appearing in market from the 15th to the 20th of August, and lasting till winter. They are such grapes, in short, only larger and more luscious, as those which retail from $1 to $3 a pound. They wholesale from twenty to six cents per pound for the Hamburg and Rose, and forty to eight cents for the Muscat. The Queen of Nice and the Flaming Tokay, which come on about the 1st of September, are peculiarly large and handsome grapes, of a wine red color, make a splendid show on the table, and keep remarkably well, by reason of their tough skins. Indeed, nearly all the best foreign varieties are good table grapes, and good keepers. The two sorts last named wholesale at forty cents at first, and get down to eight cents in the fullness of the season.

Pruning Tomatoes.

It is stated that gardeners in France cut off the stem of the tomato plants down to the first cluster of flowers which appears on them, thus impelling the sap into the buds below the cluster, which pushes up vigorously, producing another cluster of flowers. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to the level; and this done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not over eighteen inches high. In order to prevent them from falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers whatsoever are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires beauty, size, and excellence, unattainable by other means.

The Largest English Farm.

The largest farm in England consists of three thousand acres, and belongs to a man with the Yankee name of Samuel Jones. In its cultivation he follows the "four course" system, the whole extent of the farm being divided into four great crops—750 acres of wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans, peas, etc., and 750 to roots. His live stock is valued as follows: Sheep $35,000, horses $15,000, bullocks $12,000, pigs $2,500. The oil cake and corn purchased annually amounts to $20,000, and artificial fertilizers about $8,000. The entire cost of manure, in various forms used, annually costs about $15,000. Sheep are claimed as the most profitable stock he keeps, from which are realized about $20,000 a year. His income from the whole farm, though not stated, can be little less than $50,000 per annum.

GREASE YOUR WHEELS.—"Some persons may not be aware," says Hiecver in his work, Bipeds and Quadrupeds, "that the trifling neglect of a pair of wheels being comparatively dry or well greased will cause twenty miles to take far more work out of a horse than forty would in the latter case; yet wheels absolutely screaming from dryness are often seen and heard attached to carts and wagons; and thus would the brute in human form let them scream till he had finished his journey's end or his day's work, though his horses were drawing, from such cause, at least one ton in four of resistance more than they would if the defect were attended to."

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs and he will not fail to go forward.

WATERING HORSES WITHOUT STOPPING.—A Jersey genius has invented a device for watering horses when travelling or at work, by which their thirst may be assuaged without stopping. It appears to be more particularly designed for the benefit of the draught animals or city street cars. The bit of the bridal or head-stall is made hollow, and has attached to it a flexible tube connected with a tank carried in or on the vehicle. By pulling a string the water is caused to flow into the bit, and thence through a suitable orifice into the horse's mouth.

ANTS' NESTS IN GARDENS.—A correspondent informs the American Entomologist that by burying a few sliced onions in ants' nests he has caused them to abandon their quarters. The same paper learns from horticulturists, that two or three tablespoonfuls of kerosene poured into the holes in their nests will produce the same effect.

RECEIPTS.

WHORTLEBERRY PUDDING.—Three eggs well beaten, four ounces of flour, one pint of milk, one quart of berries, a little salt; boil an hour and a half, and serve with white sauce. Tie the pudding bag loose.

ICE-CREAM.—Two quarts of milk, four eggs, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of maizena, and a little salt. Boil the milk with the salt for two or three minutes in a tin pail set in a kettle of water. Remove it from the fire and stir in the maizena dissolved in a little cold milk, then the sugar, and lastly the eggs. Stir it constantly for two or three minutes to keep the eggs from cooking. Add the flavoring extract just before freezing.

LOIN OF VEAL.—This is best larded. Have every joint thoroughly cut, and between each one lay a slice of salt pork; roast a fine brown, and so that the upper sides of the pork will be crisp; baste often; season with pepper; the pork will make it sufficiently salt.

SAGO JELLY.—A teacupful of sago, boiled in three pints and a half of water till ready. When cold, add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour it into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until it is sufficiently set to turn out well. When dished, pour a little cream round it, if preferred.

APPLE PIQUE.—Peel and stew some apples, but do not let them break. Place them in a glass dish half full of syrup, and put a piece of currant-jelly on the top of each apple.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 77 letters.

My 4, 14, 20, 7, 66, 26, 34, 46, 75, 20, is an animal.

My 8, 1, 36, 19, 25, 43, 54, 74, 16, is a flower.

My 13, 18, 24, 5, 38, 72, 6, 30, 45, is a mineral.

My 17, 23, 37, 11, 41, 2, 55, 31, 70, 15, is a bird.

My 27, 51, 1, 9, 3, 64, 32, 50, 40, 23, is a flower.

My 39, 56, 41, 54, 12, 44, 58, 63, 69, 4, is an animal.

My 42, 71, 24, 21, 8, 76, 60 is a sail vessel.

My 52, 28, 1, 41, 48, 44, 10, 39, 6, 16, 59, is a fish.

My 57, 18, 47, 33, 61, 65, 35, 68, is a bird.

My 62, 9, 30, 49, 53, 37, 20, 3, 46, 15, 8, 25, 36, is a plant.

My 77, 67, 56, 54, 61, 35, 73, 71, 11, 2, is a mineral.

My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.

Sheffield, Pa.

Riddle.

My 1st is in time but not in place,
My 2nd is in hand but not in face;
My 3rd is in blue but not in pink,
My 4th is in wonder but not in think;
My 5th is in dungeon but not in pit,
My 6th is in stand but not in sit;
My 7th is in lance but not in spear,
My 8th is in wolf but not in deer;
My 9th is in rug but not in mat,
My 10th is in sharp but not in flat;
My 11th is in gentile but not in Jew,
My 12th is in false but not in true;
My 13th is in card but not in spin,
My 14th is in iron but not in tin;
My 15th is in crime but not in sin.

My whole is one of the best stories ever published in the Post. CHRISTINE.

Mathematical Problem.

A board rests on a fence 5 feet high, and has one end on the ground. A fly sits on the board 3 feet from the lower end. If the end on the ground be slid out from the fence, what *curve* will the fly describe?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Three brothers, A, B, and C, held among them $1,760 in different amounts, which they agreed to divide equally. The first gave one-half of his in equal shares to the others; the second gave one-third the amount *he then had* to the other two; and the third gave $160 to each of the others. They then found that each had a third of the whole sum. What had each at first?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Required—the area of an elliptical piece of ground of which the transverse axis is 16,08 chains, and the conjugate axis 9,72 chains.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is slaughtered beef like a drum? Ans.—Because it is knocked on the head.

☞ Why is a retired oculist like an inland revenue officer? Ans.—Because he is an ex-eyesman.

☞ When do your teeth usurp the functions of the tongue? Ans.—When they are chattering.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—

"His sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country' cause."

RIDDLE—Hampton Hider.

Answers to Diagignosco's PROBLEM of June 12th—5 times—W. Hoover, J. Scott, F. M. Priest. 4 times—W. J. Barrett, J. S. Phebus, and Jennie.

Answers to F. M. Priest's PROBLEM of same date—11.2 plus feet—F. M. Priest. 10 feet—J. Scott. 6 feet 2 inches—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of June 19th—3,377 ounces of gold, 783 ounces of silver—W. H. Morrow, W. B. Mullin, J. Scott, W. Hoover. Gold 702, silver 208—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of same date—The probability 2755-7507—W. Hoover, J. Scott. The probability is one-half—W. J. Barrett.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 26th—48-95—A. Martin, and W. J. Barrett. 24-95—W. Hoover.

BLANC-MANGE.—Weigh half a pound of broken-up loaf-sugar of the best quality. On one of the pieces rub off the yellow rind of a large lemon. Then powder all the sugar, and mix with it a pint of rich cream, the juice of the lemon, and half a pint (not less) of Madeira or Sherry. Stir the mixture very hard, till all the articles are thoroughly amalgamated. Then stir in, gradually, a second pint of cream. Put into a small saucepan an ounce of the best isinglass, with one gill (or two common-sized wineglassfuls) of cold water. Set the pan over hot coals, and boil it till the isinglass is completely dissolved, and not the smallest lump remaining. Frequently, while boiling, stir it down to the bottom, taking care not to let it scorch. When the melted isinglass has become lukewarm, stir it gradually into the mixture of other ingredients, and then give the whole a hard stirring. Have ready two or three white-ware moulds, that have just been dipped and rinsed in cold water. Fill them with the mixture, and set them immediately on ice, and in about two hours (or perhaps more) the blanc-mange will be congealed. Do not remove it from the ice till *perfectly* firm. Dip the moulds for a moment in lukewarm water, then turn out the cream on glass dishes.

MILDEW.—Lemon-juice mixed with salt, powdered starch and soft-soap, and applied with a brush, is good to remove mildew. After the application is made, the article must be kept on the grass till the stain comes out.

☞ Never fancy a woman's esteem for your character equal to her admiration of your whiskers—if you happen to have a nice pair.